V.103 NO. 1

William Attwood: A Vote for Carter • Ronald Steel: The New Red Scare
Moynihan: Thinking and Politics • Von Hoffman: Profit From Misery

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 16, 1980 Price One Dollar

RECEIVED AUG 15 '80 BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE RITTER LIBRARY

OCT80
ARITTR***BALI9 30 NP
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OH 44017

What is a Democrat? *The Editors*

Nadine Gordimer *Liberating South Africa*

Jason Epstein *Who Killed New York?*

Alfred Kazin *The Successful Life*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Consumer Orientation
No. 3 in a Series
Subject: Introduction
of the Porsche 924 Turbo

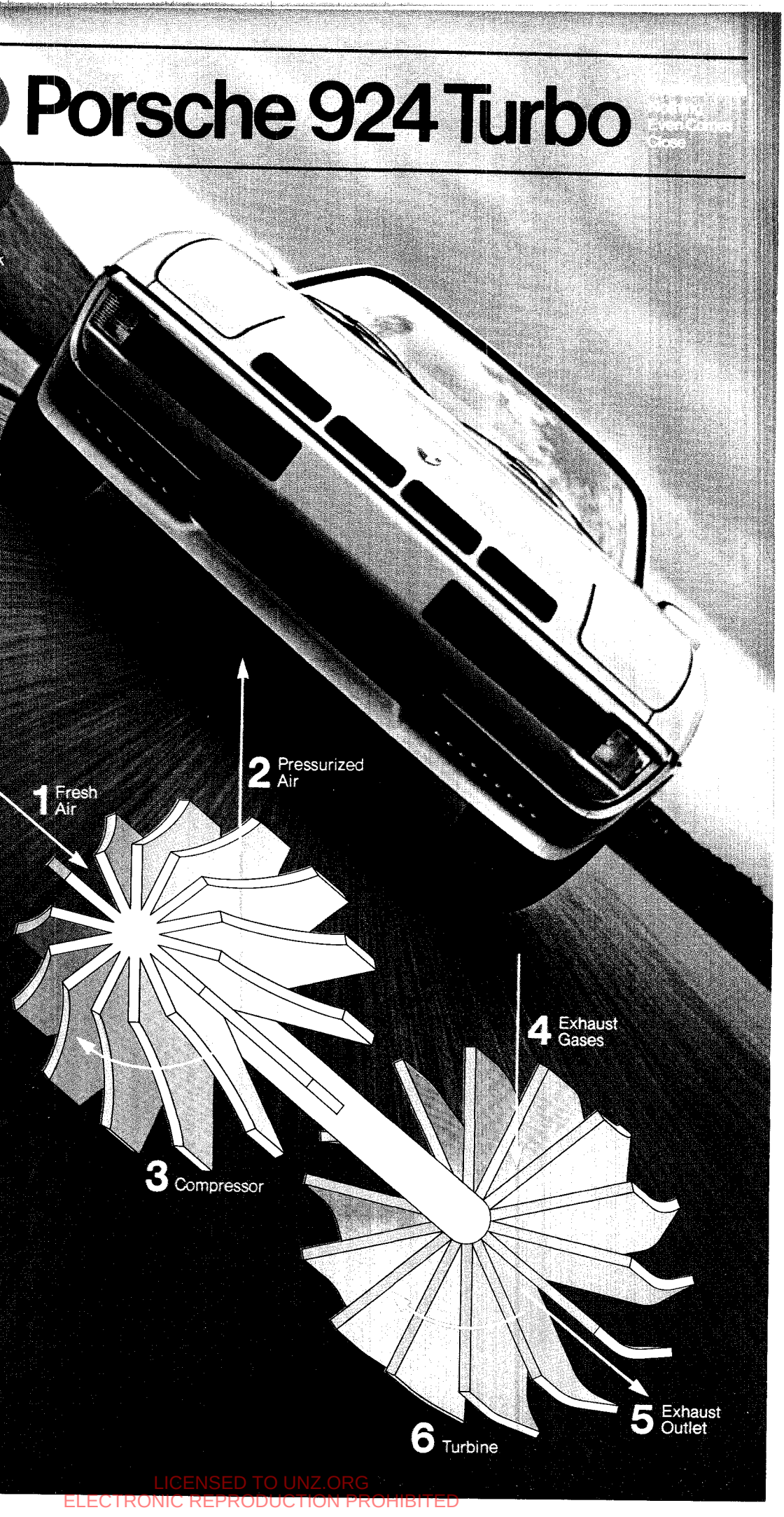
Porsche 924 Turbo

The Porsche 924 Turbo. On the track at Weissach, it covers the quarter mile from a standing start in 16.3 seconds. Its speed at the ¼-mile mark is 88 mph. Its maximum speed: 132 mph. The 924 Turbo is a direct descendant of the 917 Can-Am champion, the Porsche that made turbocharging practical for road racers. Prior to the 917, turbocharged automobiles suffered from poor throttle response and reliability. But the 917 Turbo solved these problems with its unique bypass valve and wastegate control system—standard equipment on the new 924 Turbo.

. The KKK turbocharger draws in resh air.
2. The compressor forces the air/fuel nixture into the engine cylinders nder pressure. Because the urbocharged engine receives more ir/fuel than a naturally-aspirated ngine, its combustion is greater. And s horsepower is increased without ncreasing its engine displacement. hus, while the 924 Turbo's engine isplaces only 1984 cc, it develops 43 hp at 5500 rpm.
. The 924 Turbo has almost nstantaneous throttle response ecause of its bypass valve. When he throttle is closed, the valve opens nd routes the pressurized air harmessly back through the compressor n a closed loop. This maintains urbine speed. So when boost is emanded, the turbine does not ave to be re-accelerated. Boost is vailable again in only 0.1 second.
. Hot, normally-wasted, engine xhaust gases drive the turbine hich is connected by a common haft to the compressor.
. The gases vent by way of the xhaust line and muffler. A waste-ate is located upstream of the urbine to control the excess gases ot required to power the turbine.

t Porsche, we design a car as a otal system. And so the 924 Turbo as a new cylinder head. A stronger riveshaft. New spoilers: front and ear. In fact, it has the lowest drag oefficient of any street Porsche: 35. And as a result of its total design fficiency, it requires only 16.5 orsepower to cruise at 55 mph.

or more information on the 924 urbo, call toll free: (800) 447-4700. Illinois, (800) 322-4400.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
August 16, 1980

Are Oranges Round?

A presidential convention is a cross between an Indian war dance and an Anglo-Saxon folkmoot. Nowhere does oratory reach such rich badness. The system has kept European observers confused and alarmed for years. Its purpose, of course, is to produce candidates of acceptable mediocrity who will not disturb fellow citizens with their brilliance while the businessmen run the country. Up till now, strange to say, the system has worked pretty well. The United States has been top dog in the world and it hasn't really mattered very much whether the House deadlocked with the Senate, Congress with the White House, or whether the Supreme Court knocked administrations' proposals sky high while the conventions nominated Hardings or Coolidges.

In recent years there has been a regrettable tendency to doubt whether the United States has the best governmental system on earth; there even have been feeble efforts at reform. Simultaneously television and the exigencies of prime time have intruded on the crowded scene and knocked out some of the gaudier convention extravagances, like the hour-long floor demonstrations and speeches like Harry Truman's in 1948, which began at two in the morning. Let us consider the past, nostalgically, while the Democrats in New York get their convention under way.

It is doubtful whether either Carter or Reagan is going to measure up to the standard of pretentious vacuity set by Warren Harding in this century. It was said of Harding's utterances that they were like an army of pompous phrases moving over the landscape in search of an idea. His highest intellectual achievement was his masterly obfuscation of the League of Nations issue. It deceived men like A. Lawrence Lowell and Herbert Hoover, who wanted to be deceived anyway. "A speech by Mr. Harding knows neither time nor circumstance," observed the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in awe. "It would have been as applicable at the time of Benjamin Harrison or James G. Blaine as that of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson."

There was a touch of this universality in Reagan's peroration to the National Urban League last week; in his rhetoric he was led to personify America as "Miss Liberty." He went on affectingly to say that when Miss Liberty was ill he would send her roses: "She's all we have and she's the last of her kind in the world." There was hardly a dry eye in the house.

Jimmy Carter isn't up to that, we fear. He kept a fast, brisk tempo in his remarkable hour-long press conference last week devoted to his black-sheep brother, Billy. It was matter-of-fact and detailed; he expressed not the slightest hint of persecution or whimper in the ordeal as the brutal questions rained on him: a formidable figure, we found ourself thinking, rather to our surprise. If we were Ronald Reagan running against Carter, we would try to cut out the scheduled public debates and try to coast along to victory on high poll ratings in a "front porch" campaign.

Jimmy Carter, we guess, couldn't pass the "most oranges are round" test, dreamed up by columnist Stewart Alsop (and his brother Joseph) in an earlier day. The theory is that, for workaday politics, the important thing is not what you say but how you say it. There is a practical application of this, wrote Alsop: "If he could say, 'Most oranges are round' with obvious sincerity and a sort of determined earnestness, he was a born winner. If he could not he was a losing candidate, however brilliant his qualifications and eloquent his oratory." Adlai Stevenson lacked this essential gift, columnist Alsop concluded in 1955: his inability to express the accepted banalities with table-thumping earnestness "was his weakness and misfortune." Perhaps so, though it also might have been one of the strengths of his character. There always seemed to be a part of Adlai standing aside, listening, weighing, and maybe doubting the words he uttered. Are most oranges round?

Ah, well, convention oratory has been going downhill for years. There was only patty-cake stuff at the Republican Detroit convention. H. L. Mencken was the great aficionado of conventions; he detested William Jennings Bryan as a thinker but admired his philharmonic range as a speaker. Mencken described a famous Bryan effort: "The speech swept up in wave after wave of sound like the finale of the first movement of Beethoven's *Eroica* and finally burst into such coruscations that the crowd first gasped and then screamed. 'You *may* say,' roared Jennings, 'that I have not fought a good fight. [A pause.] You *may* say that I have not run a good race. [A longer pause, with dead silence in the galleries.] But *no* man shall say [a catch in the baritone voice] *that I have not kept the faith!*'"

Notes:

The shah's funeral gave one disadvantaged person a boost: Richard Nixon is fighting to end his bitter post-Watergate status as a non-person, an exile at home. He went conspicuously to the funeral and was photographed and quoted by the press. Nixon wasn't mentioned in the GOP 1976 platform but got two references this year.

The *Harvard Business Review* carries an article by professors Hayes and Abernathy denying that government overregulation is killing business. Citing instances like Detroit, the writers say that US management needs more initiative and imagination.

The New Orleans KKK, largest in the country, says the Republican platform "reads as if it were written by a Klansman"—it opposes ERA, gun control, the 55 mph speed limit, the Department of Education, forced busing; it favors school prayer, reduced taxes, the death penalty, states rights, "and so on."

Poet James Russell Lowell presumably would vote with Carter in New York for a closed convention: he was a Hayes elector in the Tilden-Hayes deadlock (1876) and told constituents that he felt he was bound in honor: "They [voters] did not choose me because they had confidence in my judgment, but because they thought they knew what my judgment would be."

The proposed Republican $36 billion across-the-board 10 percent tax cut might snap the economy out of the recession. It also would be a nice windfall for some of the affluent; for example, last year Reagan had income of $515,000 and paid $230,000 taxes; he presumably would save $23,000.

We still guess the bottom line in this election will be unemployment: 8.2 million at present, or 7.8 percent, and likely to rise to nine percent by November. How can Democrats surmount that?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 183, No. 7, Issue 3423, August 16, 1980. Published weekly (except the issues of January 5, July 12, August 9, September 13) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

Copyright 1980 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISBN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions, and undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

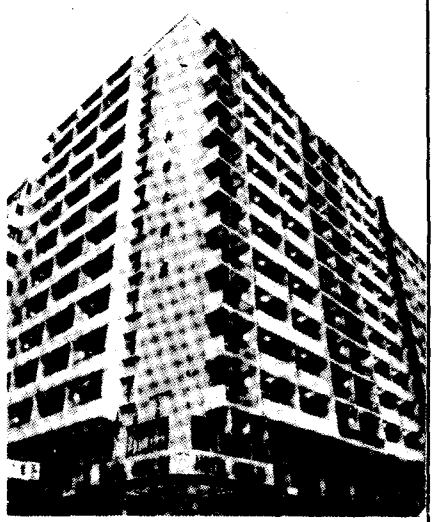
Cover: photo ©Terry E. Eiler, courtesy Lensman Photos Ltd.

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Are Oranges Round?
Comment	5	Democrats Chosen for Attention
	7	Correspondence
John Osborne	9	White House Watch: Breaking for Jimmy
Morton Kondracke	11	Politics: Frayed Hopes
Stephen Chapman	13	On the Hill: Seward's Legacy
Daniel Patrick Moynihan	17	Maxims for Democrats
Ronald Steel	19	The Absent Danger
Nicholas von Hoffman	22	A Fool and His Money: Life After Death
Bart Rubenstein	25	Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts
Charles Fenyvesi	28	The End of the Shah
Timothy Noah	29	Meet Boot
William Attwood	31	Why I Support President Carter
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	34	Films: Troubles Noted
Alfred Kazin	35	*Walter Lippmann and the American Century* by Ronald Steel
Nadine Gordimer	38	*Martyrs and Fanatics* by Peter Dreyer
Jason Epstein	40	*The Cost of Good Intentions* by Charles R. Morris
Michael Ryan	43	Poem: "An Apology to Patty"
Richard Cohen	44	*How Washington Really Works* by Charles Peters
Ann Hulbert	45	*Kipling, Auden & Co.* by Randall Jarrell
Washington Diarist	50	Minutes

All This and Hong Kong Too. Yours at the Merlin.

The Merlin Hotel is strategically located in the heart of Kowloon's famous shopping, business and entertainment district. The spacious rooms have been totally redecorated to suit your comfort and enjoyment. Step out on your balcony and experience the magnificence of Hong Kong's famous harbour. Inside, enjoy the comfort and serenity of home.



For conducting your important business, the Merlin provides a spacious executive lounge, secretarial services and fully equipped offices.

The comforts of home. The convenience of our executive facilities. The splendour of Hong Kong. Yours at the Merlin. Be our honoured guest.

Reservations Toll Free: (800) 223-9868

The Merlin Hotel

No. 2 Hankow Road, Kowloon
Tel: 3-667211 Telex: HX84291
Cable: Merlin in Hong Kong

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Managing Editor—*Russ Hoyle*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Associate Editor—*Stephen Chapman*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Assistant Production Manager—*Lisa Derman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Judith Larkin*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*
Interns—*Aphrodite Valleras, Timothy Noah*

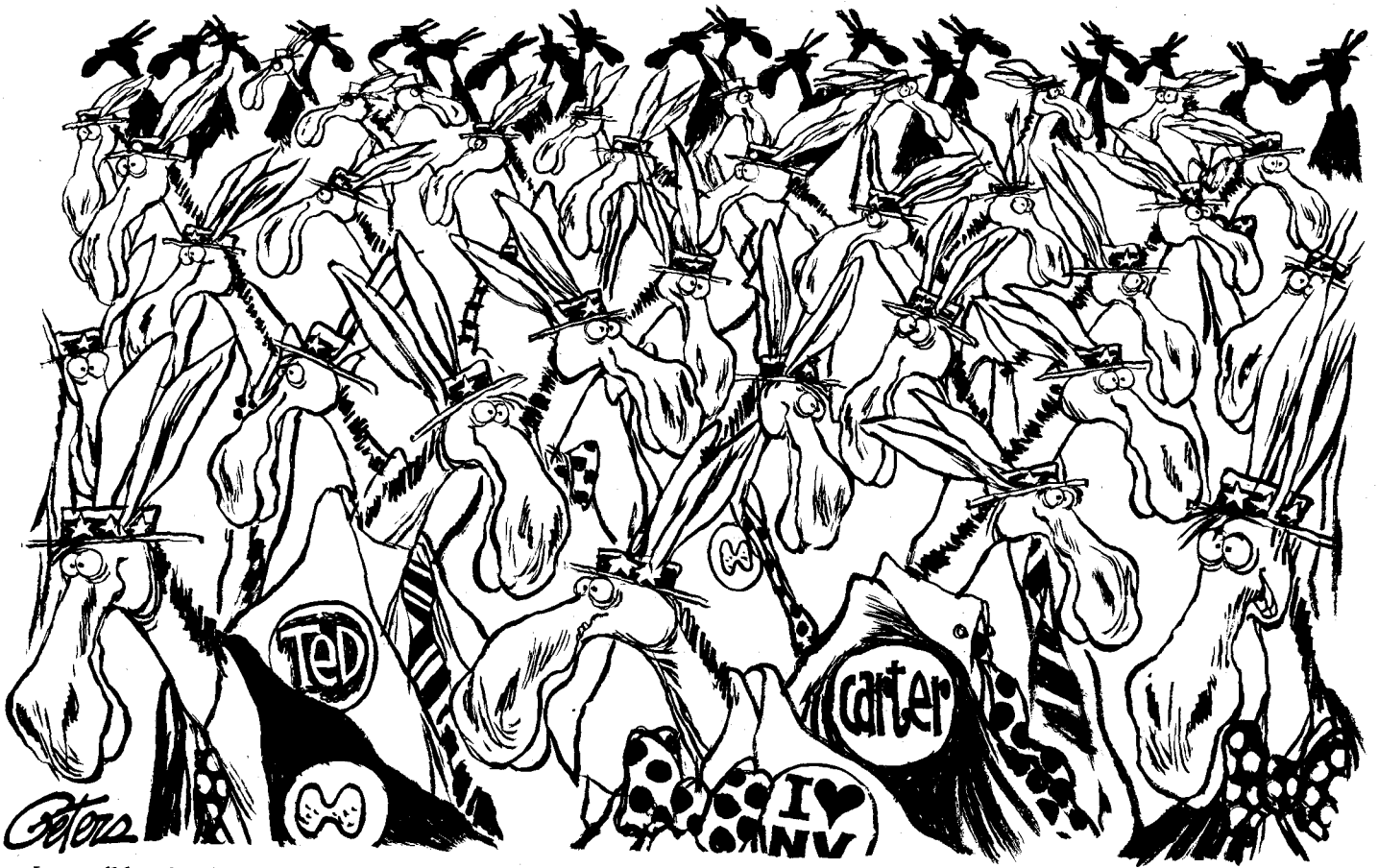
General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Patricia Hardee*
Assistant Circulation Manager—*Kevin J. Stevens*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Rights and Permissions—*Yvonne Anthony*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Classified Advertising Manager—*Theresa Miller*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*David Seideman*
Intern—*Margie Press*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 16, 1980

Democrats



It is still hard to believe that Ronald Reagan may actually be elected president of the US. Most readers of this journal understand, at once intuitively and concretely, the threat this prospect poses for the accomplishments of progressive government over the last two generations. American reaction in all its configurations—racial and social and economic—has invested its energies, its hopes, and its ample dollars in Reagan's candidacy. The financial elites, in particular, can barely disguise their glee at what a Reagan presidency would mean to those who speculate, manipulate, and sate themselves off the labors and deprivations of others. The Republican nominee seems to have told them just about what the bourgeois monarch, Louis Phillipe, told the bankers of Paris at his coronation in 1830: *"enrichissez-vous."* It is not exactly the kind of message that should appeal to the many millions of ordinary Americans, middle-class folk and professionals and working people, who are planning to vote for Reagan but to whom the invitation is in no real sense addressed.

Not in many years has there been such popular support for a candidate who so brazenly is allied with the privileged interests. Democrats should think about how this preposterous circumstance should have come to pass. It is probably too much to expect the delegates assembled in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madison Square Garden to focus seriously on this problem; they are scrambling frantically to anoint a new candidate—or reconfirm the old one—in hopes somehow of heading off a Reagan rout. Conventions fix on personalities; the current one, surely, couldn't be otherwise. Some will say—and already have said—that the explanation for Reagan's lead is Jimmy Carter. They are not wrong. But that is not sufficient explanation.

We must look to the whole Democratic party, and what it has come to represent, to understand the widespread desertion of people who should be Democrats. It is not a desertion from the party's traditional tenets and values. These tenets and values still are relevant, but they have been abandoned and traduced by people who only pretend still to govern as if they really were Democrats.

Many of them certainly are not really Democrats at all. This is true on both the right and the left of the party. That Reagan, twice quoting Franklin Roosevelt at Detroit, could have usurped the rhetoric of "jobs, jobs, jobs" is testimony to the way in which the Carter administration has left the unemployed to their joblessness and their humiliation. Here we see the stonehearted gospel become a Democratic policy, a betrayal if ever there was one. It is not something the common man, whose party FDR said the Democratic party was, will easily understand. The common man and woman may be more sophisticated than they were four or five decades ago, and they certainly have more and have envisioned more for their children than common people did then. But the common person also will be jarred by a party, nominally Democratic, the party that first asserted an American leadership role in the world, now seeking every avenue of retreat from both power and responsibility.

The appeal of powerlessness is not something that makes sense to most Americans. The denial of interests and the abjuring of alliances were habits Democrats and Democratic administrations rightly taught the people to associate with the myopic and selfish isolationism of fortress America, characteristic of Republicans. Even today this is not what most Democrats believe or want. But enough of them, in power and arrayed before the television cameras at every convention since 1968, have represented this view to leave the party and its image tainted by them. And some of the same Democrats who are enchanted by the thought of a little America abroad have been eager to narrow America's possibilities at home as well.

The energy issue is instructive. The ideal type of this misplaced Democrat opposes the president on the deregulation of oil prices, one sound tactic for lessening our consumption and import of fuel. He or she is against deep coal mining because it is a dangerous occupation and more coal would create health hazards in the atmosphere. He or she is especially opposed to oil shale development because of environmental concerns. He or she is against strip mining because it scars the landscape, threatens floods, and uses less labor than deep mining. He or she is against more oil exploration in the oceans because of the danger of spills to fish and beaches. Ditto to more oil explorations in the vast wilderness of Alaska, this opposition mounted on behalf of natural beauty and the natural habitat of wildlife. And, of course, this same person is against nuclear power, for all the usual reasons, some of which may be justified but all of which provide a cloak for that fringe element in our politics which opposes every policy that might keep America strong. But all this adds up to neither politics nor policy. It is psychology, a guilty psychology whose natural posture is paralysis.

Give these Democrats their way and paralysis would be the permanent public policy: every decision of executive agencies litigated endlessly in the courts, every difference of opinion elevated into a natural and constitutional right. Skin color guarantees special rights, independent of duties and not available to others; reporters have rights specifically denied to others; the biggest right of all is that there be no public good with a right to expect anything from anyone. This is the narcissism of individuals and groups swollen into ideological authoritarianism. As long as the Democratic party remains host and hostage to these tendencies, it will not become again the political vehicle of the thoughtful common people.

Chosen for Attention

There has not been much good news from the Middle East these last weeks. In Iran, the death toll of the revolution mounts every day, though American newspapers have stopped adding up the numbers. In Syria, a grenade thrown by one of President Assad's own elite guards narrowly missed killing him, and Assad then acted quickly to destroy his enemies. Special military tribunals were set up to try members of the Moslem Brotherhood; meanwhile, without waiting for the outcomes of those trials, squads of killers rushed to Syria's northern cities, centers of Brotherhood activity, and began executing suspects. In Lebanon, fratricidal civil war broke out among the country's Christian movements and led to a quick and brutal Phalangist victory. In Turkey, terrorists killed a former prime minister, roughly the 2,000th political murder this year. The Afghan insurgency and the savage Russian counterinsurgency continue. And Iraq—a country close to war with Iran, accused of underwriting the would-be assassins of Syria's president, a key supporter of international terrorism—moved with French help toward developing the capacity to manufacture nuclear weapons.

But all this was minor news in the world's media, briefly reported, rarely followed up. The big news, the really disturbing news these past weeks, was that Israeli prime minister Menahem Begin is planning to move his offices to East Jerusalem.

Like the Old Testament God, the media have chosen the Israelis. They follow in the wake, of course, of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Farmers and society

To the editors:

Stephen Chapman's article "Farming for Dollars" (*TNR*, July 19) is selective in its evidence and unfair in its conclusions. America's farm families receive only about three percent of farm income from federal subsidies of one type or another. What farmers give society in return is worth noting. Many economists are attributing part of the current decline in farm income to the suspension of sales of grain and other agricultural products to the Soviet Union. Further, society imposes many costly environmental and other regulatory burdens on agricultural producers. On the issue of farm loans, less than one-quarter of farm loans—either capital or operating—are from the Farmers Home Administration. Farmers who borrow from the FmHA either must have suffered an economic or natural disaster or cannot receive credit elsewhere.

The production and marketing of food and fiber have been made a public sector concern for many reasons, perhaps permanently so. To understand the "political economics" of food, one has to look beyond the subsidy issue to see what farmers are contributing to society.

Joseph A. Kinney
Committee on Agriculture
National Governor's Association
Washington, DC

Murder, Inc.

To the editors:

He is always a good writer and his facts are nearly always straight, which is why it is all the more unfortunate that Garry Wills has either erred in his research or has somehow picked up some prevailing disinformation in his review of Harris Wofford's *Of Kennedys and Kings* (*TNR*, July 19). Specifically, Wills persists in repeating the false charges that Robert Kennedy and John Kennedy plotted Fidel Castro's assassination or that they in some way participated in what LBJ called a "damn Murder, Inc. in the Caribbean." No shred of evidence ever has been produced to justify these charges in any way; indeed, the sworn testimony of CIA officials and others available to the Church Committee and the Rockefeller Commission shows that when Robert Kennedy first became aware that Mafia figures were involved in a Castro assassination plot begun under the Eisenhower administration, he ordered it stopped at once, and that the CIA—although untruthfully—repeatedly assured him thereafter that the effort had ceased.

A sort of chic revisionism about the Kennedys is to be expected, especially in a magazine as anxious as yours to be abreast of current trends, but scurrilous libel of the dead is quite another matter.

Frank Mankiewicz
Washington, DC

Caste-ing aspersions

To the editors:

When I began reading Paul Fussell's "A Dirge for Social Climbers" (*TNR*, July 19) I thought it was going to be a satire on social pretention. Perhaps Fussell even began writing with that intention. But he concludes that the upper classes are filled with people who cherish freedom and grace, and the class system is a "way of paying those concepts their due respect." The corollary of this conclusion—the stereotyping of the lower classes as "proles" who are inferior in status because they are inferior in essence—is ethically dubious, to say the least. What devotion to freedom and grace can possibly justify the nastiness of stereotyping "Prole women" as an obese group "perambulating shopping malls in their brightly colored tight jersey trousers"? And the faddish, bland "Have a nice day" tends to be used by teen-aged supermarket checkers and gas-station attendants. Is there really anything edifying about subjecting such people to supercilious put-downs? Perhaps Fussell thinks that proles, having less refined sensitivities, do not suffer from hurt feelings in the way their betters do.

But for me, the real oddity of Fussell's current embrace of classism is that it was his own admirable book, *The Great War and Modern Memory*, that taught me most graphically the horror of the ultimate tendency of class thinking. Here is his harrowing analysis of the Battle of the Somme, in which 60,000 out of 110,000 British soldiers taking part were killed or wounded on the first day of action. One cause of the disaster, he says, was "traceable to the class system and the assumptions it sanctioned. The regulars of the British staff entertained an implicit contempt for the rapidly trained new men of 'Kitchener's Army,' largely recruited among workingmen from the Midlands. The planners assumed that these troops . . . were too simple and animal to cross the space between the opposing trenches in any way except in full daylight and aligned in rows or 'waves.' It was felt that the troops would become confused by more subtle tactics. . . ."

There is no doubt in my mind that when Fussell wrote this analysis of upper-class thinking, he meant it as a total rejection of such assumptions. What has happened to him since then?

Elaine Golden Robison
Princeton, New Jersey

To the editors:

People in south Florida always have to do things differently. Here the Low Proles cut the sections of styrofoam egg cartons apart and impale them on century plants. They're supposed to look like tulips.

Edna Watts
Naples, Florida

Commentators with wit

To the editors:

In his account of the behind-the-scenes events which led to the prospect of a Reagan-Ford ticket, John Osborne writes "that not one network reporter or commentator had the wit to say it was preposterous" (White House Watch: "Behind That Madness," *TNR*, August 2 & 9). If Osborne had kept his dial on CBS after watching the Cronkite interview with the Fords, he would have heard commentators James Kilpatrick and Jeff Greenfield fulminate against the idea of a Ford vice presidency and give it the short shrift it deserved, the "wisdom" of Kissinger, Greenspan, and Harlow to the contrary notwithstanding.

Robert E. Klein
Washington, DC

Kondracke's crystal ball

To the editors:

Please discuss with Morton Kondracke the idea of eliminating predictions, fearless or otherwise, from the pages of *TNR*. His predictions of the Iowa caucuses were impressive. Yet there is only so much mileage even an executive editor is allowed based on one success. Kondracke's prediction that Donald Rumsfeld would be the Republican's choice for vice president in 1980

(continued on page 46)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United Nations (delegates and bureaucrats alike), where the choice has become an obsession. The recent United Nations conference on women in Copenhagen is a case in point. There was no dearth of potential topics. To focus, again, only on the Middle East, one might have expected some discussion of the denial of political rights to women in virtually every Arab country, the harsh marriage laws of Islamic society, economic oppression, patriarchal power, the still-circulating stories of female slavery. But none of this was thought to be important. The conference devoted major attention instead to the special problems of Palestinian women, created, somehow, by Israeli "racism." Just what those problems are, and how they differ from everyone else's, never became clear; but money was appropriated to deal with them, and the PLO was designated as the chief disperser of the funds. And what about Kurdish women, Afghan women, Lebanese women, Saudi women? Silence. They don't have problems, at least none that have come to the attention of the United Nations.

The Arabs have proved conclusively that oil money and political terror can make tongues march. In the war of words, they have won important victories. Everything the Israelis do, every move they make, is subject to the closest scrutiny and then to the harshest criticism. Arab states, by contrast, are unscrutinized and uncriticized. And Palestinians, as an oppressed people, can be praised. Who wants to know what goes on in Syrian prisons, or in the Kurdish provinces of Iraq, or in the urban jungles of Beirut? But let Israel build a road or plan an archaeological dig, and the world is riveted. European diplomats, UN bureaucrats, and editorial writers around the globe hold their breath and shake with anger.

It is tempting to say that none of this matters. Real politics goes on alongside the chorus of hate. The UN, the editorial writers, even the European diplomats are of only peripheral importance. But that is not entirely right. The manipulation of public opinion is an aspect, occasionally a critical aspect, of real politics. The long-term purpose of the war of words is to erode Western inhibitions against a war of deeds aimed at forcing Israel to capitulate. And the short-term purpose of this war of words is to generate an atmosphere in which the mutual concessions required by the Camp David agreements become impossible. How can any Arab politician advocate compromise when extremism dominates the UN? How can Israeli politicians risk giving up territory when they find themselves surrounded by hostility and vituperation?

In this war of words, the Begin government is putty in the hands of its enemies. Unable to develop or sustain a coherent foreign policy, devoted in power as its leaders were in opposition to a politics of gesture and pronouncement, it continually aggravates and intensifies Israel's isolation. And then it uses the sense of isolation as a reason—in some perverse way, a comforting reason—for refusing every available compromise. The prime minister's proposed move to East Jerusalem is a nice (that is, an awful) example. It has no serious meaning; the new offices will never be anything more than a Potemkin village. The move, or rather the announcement of the move (which Begin has announced at least six times), provokes local Arabs and invites worldwide condemnation. It makes Jerusalem the first issue in everyone's mind, when it is clearly in Israel's interest, and Egypt's too, that Jerusalem come last in the negotiations. Begin's gesture can be understood only as a piece of defiance, resentful and unreflective, aimed at a world which never has accepted West Jerusalem as Israel's capital, and which seems to offer no recognition and no reward for Israeli moderation. But at the same time, the gesture helps in its small way to create just such a world.

There is a powerful argument that underlies the long string of Arab victories at the UN and that shapes a great deal of current media coverage of the Middle East: that there is no such thing as Israeli moderation, that Israel's policies—the Labor party's as well as that of Begin's Likud—constitute the chief obstacle to peace. It has been said so often that it begins to sound plausible, like any lie endlessly repeated in public places. But surely something closer to the opposite is true. The missing force in the Middle East today, except for the heroic Sadat, is the force of Arab moderation. It is missing not only in the governments of the confrontation states but also in whatever exists of visible alternatives and public opposition to those governments. While Begin's provocative gestures are widely criticized in Israel (and among world Jewry too), PLO terrorism is not even a subject of debate in the Arab world. The war of words against Israel conceals a vacuum of serious discussion among Arabs about the possibilities and the possible forms of peace.

In the face of this, there is little that the United States can do except to refuse to join the chorus and to defend and pursue the Camp David agreements. Increasingly, refusing to join the chorus is going to require a policy of non-cooperation at the United Nations. One day the anti-Zionist obsession will pass, for it is destructive of every serious UN program. Until then, it makes little sense for our representatives to participate in drawing up or amending resolutions that they know (or should know) they will be unable to support in the end. And it

Coming:

Stephen Chapman on
Jack Kemp's Bright Ideas.

•

What Are White House
Fellows For?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes less sense to attend, and pay for, conferences where the policies to which we are committed are ritually denounced. For the subjects of the resolutions and the agenda of the conference—Palestinian women, health care on the West Bank, city planning in Jerusalem, and so on—are only pretexts for attacks on Israel. No one even pretends that these subjects ever would be serious issues in a negotiating process.

The truth is still that Camp David is the only present or prospective negotiation. The alternative to Camp David is war—first the war of words, then the real war to which the words point. No doubt the autonomy talks go slowly, or seem not to go at all: after the US elections and the coming Israeli elections, some new initiatives will be necessary. But the new initiatives will take place within the existing framework. This framework has proved surprisingly tough, and in any case there is no other. That is the single point that America's leaders must reiterate. Defeats for Israel in the UN will not translate into concessions on the ground, *because we won't help make the translation.* Concessions can come only with counter-concessions in a genuine negotiation.

White House Watch

Breaking for Jimmy

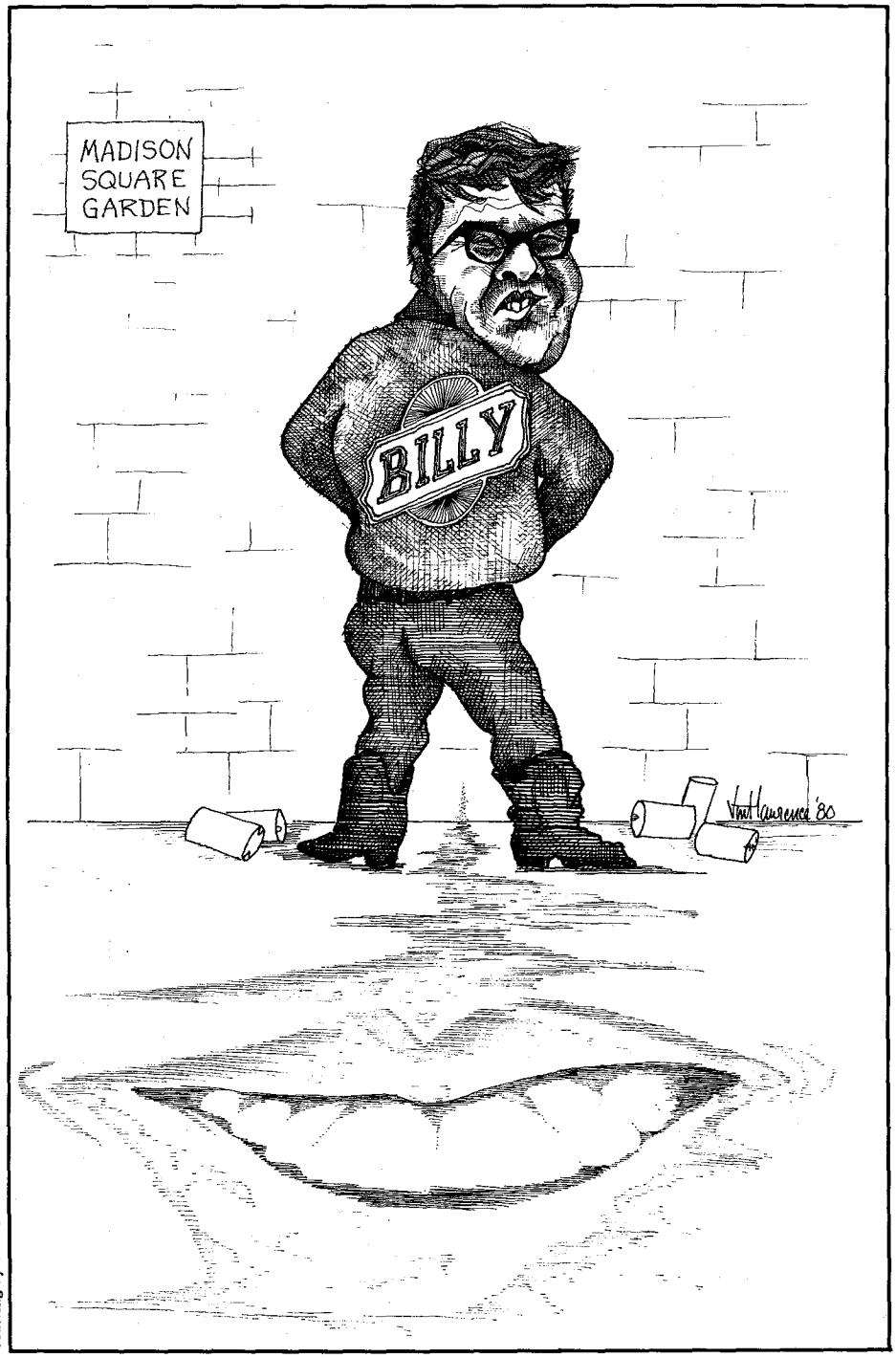
In the best question put to the President at his press conference on August 4, Lesley Stahl of CBS asked, "How do you think you got into this big mess?"—if, as he'd been saying, no illegality, wrongdoing, bad judgment, or incompetence had been involved in his and others' handling of the Billy Carter affair. "Well," the President said at the start of a long and muddled answer, "I think that the American press and the public will have to judge how big a mess it is." He seemed to be saying without saying that it wasn't much of a mess. He predicted that "the facts in the future," as they are disclosed by Justice Department and congressional investigations, will show that "no one in my administration and I have—has been—guilty of an illegality or an impropriety in any way." The same answer included an odd reference to his errant and troubled brother Billy, odd because on August 4 there had been no serious suggestion or indication that Billy Carter faced criminal prosecution for anything. After 18 months of delay and dissimulation, Billy had touched off the current furor by agreeing to register July 14 as an agent of the Libyan government in order to avoid a civil proceeding or criminal prosecution. "If he is found to have violated the law," the President said, "my belief is, and my hope is, that he will be treated properly in accordance with the law—punished if he is guilty, exonerated if he is innocent."

At the press conference and in a report to a special Senate subcommittee, the President served several purposes which had to be served very well indeed if he is to be renominated at the Democratic national convention and to have a chance of reelection in November. At the press conference, apart from the report, he argued against the efforts of Senator Kennedy and others to free convention delegates from their obligation to vote on the first ballot for the candidate they had been chosen and had pledged to support for the presidential nomination. Both at the press conference and in the report, Carter tried to refute allegations and allay suspicions that he and other officials had improperly interfered with the Justice Department's long effort to make brother Billy register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938; that he and others had improperly used Billy in dealings with the Libyan government; and that he had let Billy improperly use him and other officials on behalf of that government. Beyond all this, and in some respects more importantly for the President and his reputation and prospects, he needed and sought to dispel the impression that his and his subordinates' handling of the Billy Carter problem strengthened and perhaps confirmed the spreading belief that Jimmy Carter is an incompetent leader of a passel of incompetents. Here is how I score him on each of these endeavors.

The President's argument against going back to what the shabby band of self-seekers opposing him called an "open convention"—the "gross misnomer" that Carter said it was—seemed logical and, opinion aside, was demonstrably effective. In final negotiation of convention procedures with Carter lieutenants, Kennedy lieutenants displayed a sense of weakness that they had not displayed before the press conference. The overriding fact in the pre-convention week was that after months when nothing appeared to go right for him, things at least for the moment were breaking the President's way. He and his people at the White House and at his campaign committee headquarters had been overwhelmed in July by a feeling that media and congressional preoccupation with the Billy Carter business and, to a lesser extent, with the revolt against the first-ballot convention rule, was diverting attention from Ronald Reagan and the flaws that in the orthodox Democratic view should insure his defeat. Now and (again) at least for the moment, this sense of exasperation and frustration was lifting among Carter Democrats at the White House.

All that has been uncovered by journalists and disclosed by the President and other officials indicates an astounding lapse of memory by the President and a lapse of judgment by Attorney General Benjamin R. Civiletti in the course of bringing Billy Carter to register with the Department of Justice. One has to believe, difficult though believing is, that the President really did forget from June 17 to July 24 that the attorney general told him briefly in a private conversation on June 17 that Billy was foolish in refusing to register as a foreign agent of Libya and, under normal departmental procedure, would not be prosecuted if he registered and disclosed the relevant facts. Civiletti did not forget the conversation. He argued

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing by Vint Lawrence

on July 25, after the President had found a notation of the conversation in his diary, that the talk on June 17 did not constitute a "discussion" of the department investigation with the President. In the wake of Watergate, President Gerald Ford had instituted and President Carter had continued a flat prohibition of all "discussion" of department investigations by White House and Justice people. Civiletti acknowledged that he had "probably disserved" the President by mentioning the matter to him. Their differing lapses embarrassed the President and led to an official White House misstatement on July 22 that "at no time . . . has there been any contact in either direction between the White House and the Department of Justice concerning the conduct of this investigation." In early August, however, there was no indication of any impropriety. In telephone conversations with Billy on June 28 and July 1, the President encouraged Billy to register. This diminished the chance of or need for criminal prosecution, but only a fanatic would call it interference with justice.

In his report to the Senate subcommittee and at the press conference, the President took total credit for using Billy and his Libyan connection to persuade Libya's loathsome dictator, Muammar Qaddafi, to urge the release of the American embassy hostages in Tehran. The White House press secretary, Jody Powell, and other assistants had done their best to save the President from this distinction. A July 22 statement issued by Powell had said only that a White House meeting with a Libyan diplomat had been arranged by Billy "at the request" of the national security assistant, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Powell later said that Rosalynn Carter may have thought of bringing Billy into the picture and, finally, that the President "most likely" put Brzezinski up to doing so. Given Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter's utter obsession—the President's word—with the hostage problem last November, the enlistment of Billy is understandable though not admirable. It presumably built up Billy's standing with the Qaddafi government. It may very well have prompted that government's payment to him of $20,000 in late December 1979 and $200,000 in April 1980—installments, Billy said in his registration statement, on a promised "loan" of $500,000. The Justice Department said the payments were "compensation" for services to the Libyan government during, between, and after two visits to Libya in 1978 and 1979.

That a brother of a President asked for and took the money and sundry favors from such a government was and is disgraceful. But it's no more and no worse than may be expected and than the President should have expected—says now, in fact, that he did suspect if not expect—of such a brother. I can't work up a froth about it. There has been no evidence that Billy succeeded in influencing Jimmy's or US policy toward Libya in any way, or even that Billy seriously tried to influence policy. A footnote to this part of the affair interests me more than the sordid details. In a memo to Secretary of State Cyrus Vance on July 17, 1979, Brzezinski noted Billy's statement that he was about to make a second trip to Libya and said: ". . . the Department of State and our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

embassies abroad should be instructed to treat Mr. Carter's trip, should it take place, strictly as a personal visit by a private citizen and provide only that assistance consistent with such a trip." Here, contradicting the pretense that national security assistants don't order secretaries of state around, was an arbitrary order. There no doubt were many such, but this is the first one from Brzezinski that has surfaced. One may fairly surmise that it contributed to the cumulative affronts and resentments that ended with Vance's resignation last April.

The many corrections and clarifications of official statements and explanations that followed Billy's registration on July 14 certainly don't attest a high degree of White House efficiency. Neither, though, do they attest a unique degree of inefficiency. Given the circumstances, I doubt that any White House since Franklin Roosevelt's would have handled it very differently or much better. The actors in this affair, beginning of course with the Carter brothers, lend their own personalities and aura to it. But that probably won't keep the business on the nation's front burner for long. The *Washington Post* of August 6 reported that six of nine members of the special Senate investigating subcommittee applauded the President's effort to quiet the turmoil and that four of them, including chairman Birch Bayh, were beginning to wonder whether they had a rabbit by the tail.

John Osborne

Politics

Frayed Hopes

What the dissident Democrats are saying is true: Rule F-3-C, binding delegates to their candidate, is a terrible rule and ought not to be adopted. And Jimmy Carter has been an inept president and ought to be replaced. But neither course is likely to be taken at the Democratic National Convention in New York. It's too bad for the country and for the Democratic party, but the Democrats have made their bed for 1980 and the prospects are that they are going to die in it in November. The greatest danger of all is that they may be a moribund party for a long time thereafter.

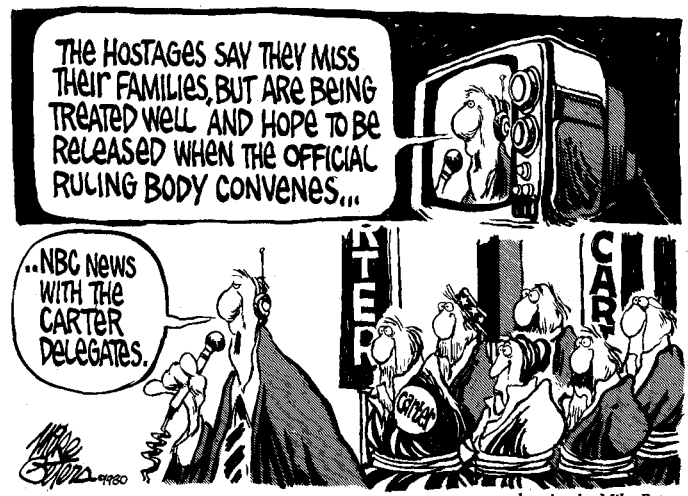
On your television set this week, the Democrats will not look like a dying party. The convention will rock with emotion and energy. The fights over rules, over the platform, and (possibly, though I doubt it) over the presidential nomination will make for lively viewing. The networks will heighten the frenzy by super-heating the atmosphere with rumors and by pumping up the pressure with instant communications.

There is a small chance that the Democratic party could self-destruct before your eyes this week. If President Carter plays against Edward Kennedy and his delegates with unnecessary roughness he may cause them to bolt. Carter could miscalculate the F-3-C rules contest and try to replace wavering delegates under temporary rule 11-H, causing a mass revolt not only on rules but against his candidacy. If Carter were denied nomination, his loyalists surely would stage their own walk-out.

But none of this is likely to happen. The most likely scenario is that on Monday Carter will win his rules fight by a narrow margin. On Tuesday there will be impassioned debate over Kennedy's proposed platform changes; it's possible that in a spirit of compromise, the Carter forces will give ground here and there. On Wednesday, when Carter sees that opposition to his nomination has dissolved, he might accede to Robert Strauss's suggestion that he unbind his delegates from their legal commitment to him, knowing full well that he will be nominated without it. And Thursday night, if Carter has played it right, he and Walter Mondale will be joined on the convention podium by Edward Kennedy, Edmund Muskie, Morris Udall, Pat Moynihan, and perhaps even Henry Jackson for a show of unity. Along the way, convention speakers will have slashed at Ronald Reagan's reactionary record and dubious economic and foreign policy proposals. Finally, Carter will accept his nomination with a plausible recitation of his administration's accomplishments—inflation and interest rates down, military budgets of necessity up—and with a promise to get the economy and our foreign policy position restored to full health in the next four years.

If the Carter scenario is played out as written, TV viewers may get the impression of an embattled party, but also one that is still vital, energetic, and, whatever its flaws, better able to lead this country in the perilous 1980s than the Republicans under Ronald Reagan. The week after next, if all this happens, the public opinion polls will show Carter-Mondale trailing Reagan not by 34 points (as ABC-Harris had it in mid-July), but by 10 or 12, within fighting range of a victory in November.

But even if this is the image the Democrats manage to project this week, they still will be stuck with Jimmy Carter and with Rule F-3-C. They still will be a deeply divided party, fundamentally unhappy with their nominee and his record. And they still will face the prospect of defeat in November—not only at the presidential level,


THE HOSTAGES SAY THEY MISS THEIR FAMILIES, BUT ARE BEING TREATED WELL AND HOPE TO BE RELEASED WHEN THE OFFICIAL RULING BODY CONVENES...
..NBC NEWS WITH THE CARTER DELEGATES.
CARTER
CAR
Mike Peters ©1980
drawing by Mike Peters

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but possibly even for control of Congress and a majority of the state legislatures.

The fundamental problem for the Democrats is that they are philosophically worn out, and the country seems to know it. The New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier, and the Great Society accomplished some great things. More than that, they infused American society with hope for equal opportunity, economic well-being, and security in a dangerous world. But the string has run out. The Democrats remain wedded to Keynesian economics, which calls for inflating the economy in lean times and squeeezing it in fat periods. Politically, the Democrats—especially the Democrats in Congress—never have found it possible to squeeze sufficiently. The constituent groups they sought to serve have become pressure groups demanding more funds even in good times, and one result is chronic inflation.

Democratic Congresses, assisted by presidents of both parties, have compounded the country's troubles by institutionalizing pressure groups. Policy is locked up by the so-called "iron triangle" of private special interest groups, the federal bureaucracies which supposedly regulate them, and the congressional subcommittee staffs which supposedly oversee them both. The economy is overbureaucratized, choked in regulations that seem to benefit primarily the consultants who study them and the lawyers who litigate them. Jimmy Carter promised to clean out the bureaucratic mess in Washington. Instead he created the Department of Energy and the Department of Education.

Americans know that the economy is not working, that people aren't saving, that American industry is becoming less productive, and that US products fail to meet foreign competition. In foreign policy, they know that the US is under increasing pressure from the Soviet Union, from OPEC, and from the world's assorted barbarians. This may have been inevitable, but people think Carter didn't handle it all very well, and they are right.

Now the Republicans are the ones offering that old Democratic commodity: hope. The Democrats can say that "supply-side" economics is simply a device for enriching the rich, a fancied-up version of the old-fashioned trickle-down theory, but the Republicans are insistent that cutting taxes will get America moving again. The Democrats can say that the Republican call for military "superiority" is a chimera—and a dangerous one at that—but the Republicans have nostalgia and American pride working for them. They promise to "make America great again." The Democrats seem to say that it's an impossible task.

President Carter apparently intends to offer a competing message of hope to the country in the form of a program to "reindustrialize America" by forming "partnerships" among business, labor, and the government and by cutting some taxes and encouraging investment. He also is promising to create "millions and millions" of jobs. All this smacks of many of Carter's proposals. Rather than presenting a carefully thought out program developed over months, he once more ventures forth with a sloganeer's response to a political necessity. The concept

drawing by Mike Keefe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raises multiple policy questions. Who is going to dominate this partnership? Won't it demand further intrusion of government bureaucracy into economic decision making? Won't it be captured by special interests on the basis of their political power, rather than their economic merit? America certainly needs to reindustrialize, but Carter is springing this idea on the country very late in an election year in an apparent effort to undercut what he realizes is a popular set of Republican proposals.

The Democrats have done everything too late this year. Potential challengers to Jimmy Carter—Muskie, Jackson, Moynihan—declined to enter the lists, standing aside for Kennedy. Kennedy himself took months to get his political act together, and then it was obviously the wrong one. Stop Carter movements have formed only in the last month, and they are pitiable enterprises. The Draft Muskie committee, operating on behalf of the most attractive possible candidate in the party, has its man trapped in the president's Cabinet. The Jackson Can Win committee has a more available horse, but one whose foreign policy views are far right of the party consensus.

The most serious and best financed of the anti-Carter efforts, the Committee for a Continued Open Convention, has managed to seize a public relations advantage simply by capturing the word "open." It is headed by one of the shrewdest operators in America, superlawyer Edward Bennett Williams, and its cause has been joined by political heavies including the Senate majority leader, the governor of New York State, and the mayor of New York City.

But it is a last-ditch movement and is easily represented to Carter delegates as an attempt to change the rules after the game's been played, to steal from Carter a prize that he won fairly. And on whose behalf? Carter told Williams he suspected CCOC was operating for Jackson. (Carter's exact words in a telephone call with Williams July 31 were: "Let's cut out this bullshit, Williams. We know this is a front for Jackson.") In fact, Williams probably prefers Muskie. But Carter delegates have the idea—no doubt spread by the Carter campaign—that CCOC is stalking for Kennedy. Under those circumstances Carter delegates say they want nothing to do with the committee, and some of the committee's officials have been grousing at Kennedy to get out of the race. Kennedy, who has been fighting Carter all alone for nine months, is not about to stand aside, and who can blame him? So the Carter opposition is divided and uncertain, and Carter probably will walk right through it.

The fight to open the Democratic convention and defeat Carter is worth waging, but it probably will fail. Kennedy vote-counters say the open-rule effort is still between 100 and 150 votes short of success. Network counts indicate the rule fight may be closer than that, but no one is finding any disposition whatever on the part of Carter's delegates to defect on the nomination.

Why doesn't Carter then just accede on the rules issue, free his delegates for an open vote, and rely on their loyalty to give him the nomination? Carter's people say, if anything, they would prefer to win on rules on Monday night, thereby locking up the nomination, and then, possibly, make a grand gesture of "opening" the convention. Otherwise, Carter strategists say, the networks will buzz from Monday to Wednesday with rumors of rebellion that will detract from podium speeches denouncing Reagan. Trying to avoid this seems a sensible strategy.

What comes out of all of this is a Jimmy Carter nomination and the enshrinement of party nominating rules that brought us Jimmy Carter in 1976. The rules have caused an explosion of primary elections, television politics, and an advantage for a candidate who is glib and telegenic rather than experienced. The party ought to be moving in the opposite direction. It ought to restore some of the influence of party leaders, who can judge a candidate on his record and his programs. Regardless of what happens in New York, the Democratic National Committee over the next four years ought to re-think its rules, shorten the nominating process, and insure that its 1984 convention is a deliberative body, not simply a coronation court for the winner of the primaries.

The Democratic party has a lot of thinking to do, period. It needs new ideas, a new generation of candidates, a new reason for being. It needs time to regroup. My guess is that with Jimmy Carter as its nominee and with its candidates running on a dreary record of inflation and national retrenchment, it will get the time between 1980 and 1984. We can only hope that the country survives the Reagan years to be ready for a Democratic restoration.

Morton Kondracke

On the Hill

Seward's Legacy

For a while last week it looked as though the Senate finally had come up with a way to resolve one of the bitterest controversies it has faced in the last decade. The issue is what to do with the federal government's share of Alaska, which accounts for nearly two-thirds of the land in the nation's biggest state. The House passed its own Alaska bill last year, with the support of the Carter administration and a host of environmentalist organizations. The Senate Energy Committee passed a different one, with the support of Alaska's governor, its senior senator, and assorted industrial interests, including the oil industry. The Energy Committee bill's main sponsors, Democrat Henry Jackson of Washington and Republican Ted Stevens of Alaska, thought they had the votes when the bill came before the full Senate on July 21. They were unpleasantly surprised to see several environmentalist amendments offered by Massachusetts Democrat Paul Tsongas pass by two-to-one margins.

(continued on page 16)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUERTO RICO

It's respect for culture.
San Juan's endearing Children's Choir performs 15th and 16th Century madrigals. They've thrilled audiences in Bogota, Boston, Washington and Madrid.

It's serving our country.
Puerto Rico's Air National Guard calls itself "the watchdogs on the Caribbean." For five straight years, this unit had the best safety record in America.

It's management skills.
Mainland businesses have come to depend on Puerto Rican leadership and organizational abilities —in production, in marketing, and in banking and legal matters.

Just like Texas, we're simply a different part of America. Our heritage is Spanish, but our virtues are strictly old home town. Walk through any town, any city in Puerto Rico. You'll see Spanish tile roofs and Spanish language signs. But the people you meet will seem familiar to you. We're American citizens. Every one of us.

We're ambitious for ourselves and our families, just like other Americans. We work hard. We work skillfully. We're proud of our way of life, and we're ready to protect it. Our voluntary enlistments in all U.S. Armed Service branches far outpace the national average.

We're productive. And we're committed to our

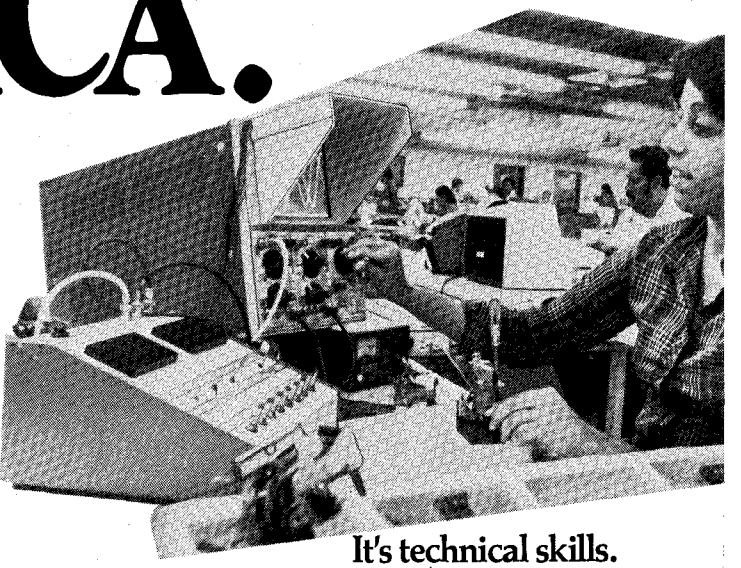
Approved by the Electoral Review Board.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IS AMERICA.

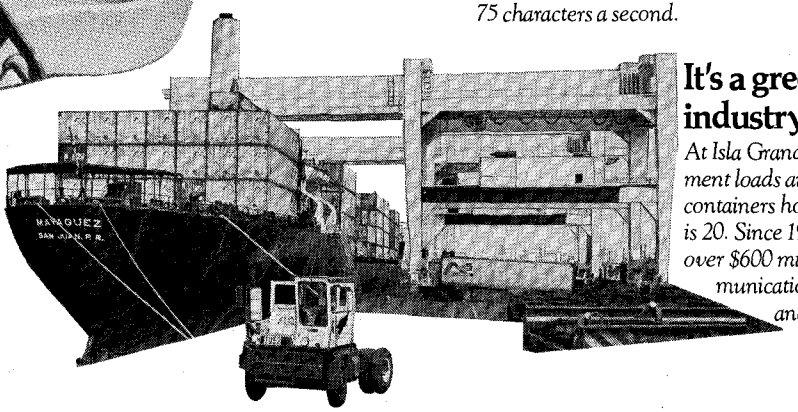
It's a heritage of craftsmanship.

And there's no finer example than our unique cuatro guitar. Originally Spanish, the hand-crafted cuatros have evolved here from four to 12 joyful strings.



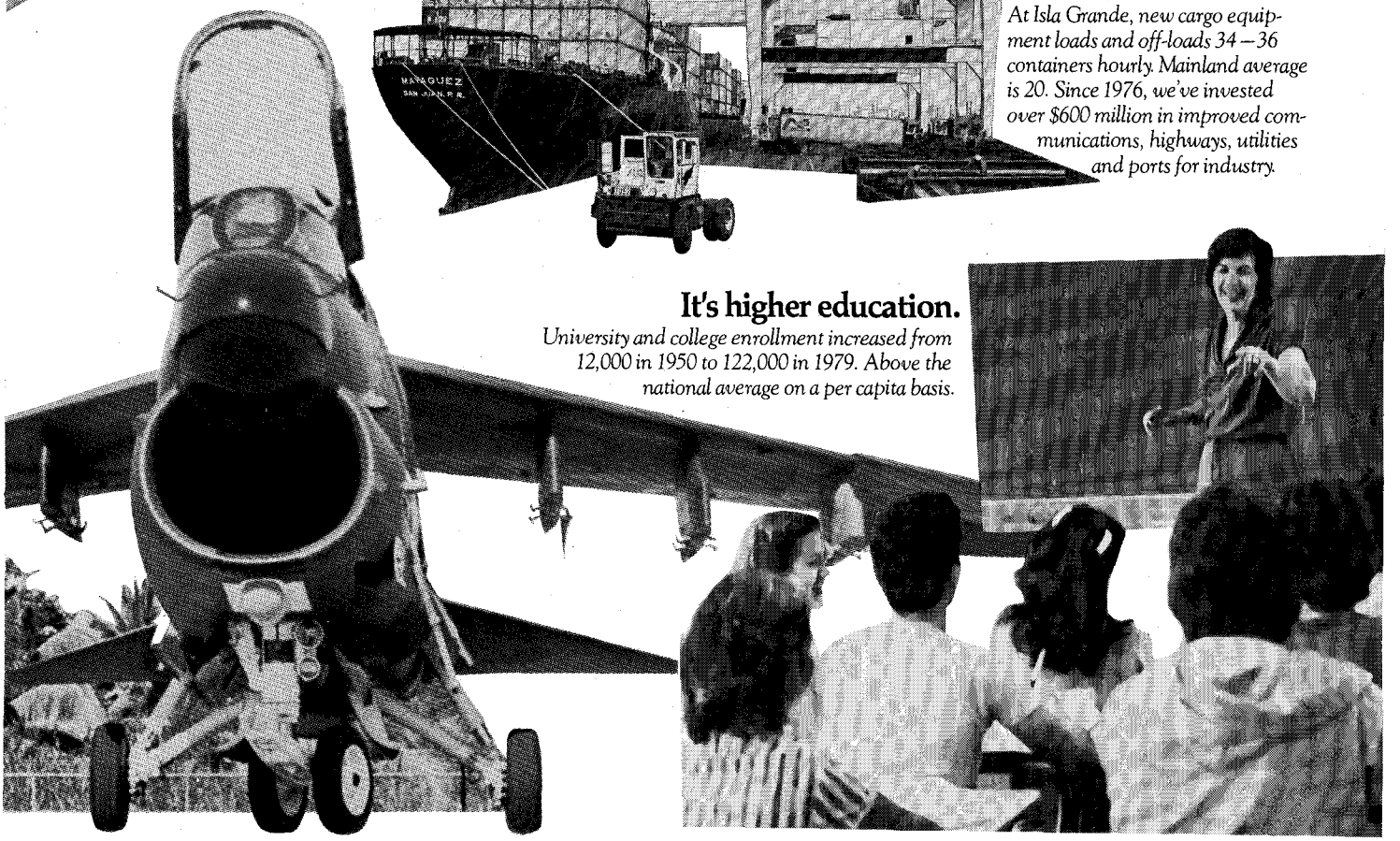
It's technical skills.

Specially trained work force assembles complex word processors from product specs to finished equipment. They print an astonishing 75 characters a second.



It's a green light for industry.

At Isla Grande, new cargo equipment loads and off-loads 34—36 containers hourly. Mainland average is 20. Since 1976, we've invested over $600 million in improved communications, highways, utilities and ports for industry.



It's higher education.

University and college enrollment increased from 12,000 in 1950 to 122,000 in 1979. Above the national average on a per capita basis.

country, to our communities, and to our jobs. Which is why almost 2500 manufacturing companies have made Puerto Rico their second home since 1950.

American businesses find less turnover and less absenteeism than on the mainland. In Puerto Rico, there's an ever-growing industrial support system, including the second largest public utility in the U.S.A. And the fifth largest container shipping facility in the world.

In skill, in motivation, in the business environment, Puerto Rico is America. Puerto Rico and industry is a partnership that works.

Puerto Rico, U.S.A.

The ideal second home for American Business.

© 1980 Puerto Rico Economic Development Administration

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That was when Jackson and Stevens decided some negotiations with Tsongas were in order. After two weeks, the three arrived at a compromise that they thought had a reasonable chance of passage. But like other Alaska bills in past sessions, this one fell victim—at least for now—to parliamentary obstacles thrown up by Alaska's Democratic senator, Mike Gravel, who says he wants no legislation. On August 5, the Senate finally gave up, postponing any action on the bill until after it returns from its Democratic Convention recess on August 18.

That Alaska would become the subject of intense interest couldn't have been foreseen in 1867 when Secretary of State William Seward negotiated its purchase from Russia for the bargain-basement price of seven million dollars (about two cents an acre). The deal was widely ridiculed as "Seward's folly." Alaska was a miserably poor area, a vast expanse of ice and tundra populated mostly by Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians. Later the 1896 gold rush made Alaska synonymous with riches and drew thousands of Americans seeking quick wealth. But it had only about 200,000 people in 1959 when it became the 49th state, a poor relation located more than 4,000 miles from the seat of the nation's government. Then, in the 1960s, oil was discovered on the state's northern coast (the "north slope") at Prudhoe Bay, estimated to hold nine billion barrels—nearly a third of the nation's total reserves.

But oil is not the major issue at stake in the Alaska lands imbroglio. The crucial question is what to do with 225 million acres of land owned by the federal government. Environmentalists, who have banded together in the Alaska Coalition, would like to see much of the land designated as wilderness, which would prevent any development. The state and various commercial interests would like to see hunting, mining, logging, and oil exploration permitted on many of the lands that the environmentalists want placed off limits.

The state government, as represented by Republican governor Jay Hammond, likes to portray itself as besieged by an arrogant federal bureaucracy. There is not a great deal of truth in this view, though it is held by many Alaskans. It was the federal government, after all, that paid for the land in the first place. Moreover, the state agreed to content itself with 104 million acres (out of 375 million) when it petitioned for admission to the union, and it was given a wide choice of lands from which to select its share. But the state complains that it has received title to only 25 million acres, less than a quarter of what it was promised. This complaint is also misleading. The state actually has been in no hurry to get its remaining share. One reason is that the federal government bears the cost of the land until it changes hands. Another is that some federal aid programs would channel less money to Alaska if the state had more of its land. The state also has been very careful to select the most valuable land—like Prudhoe Bay. So deliberate has the state been about making its selections that it recently asked the Interior Department for a 10-year extension of the original 25-year schedule. Other matters beyond the federal government's control, particularly lawsuits by native Alaskans, have slowed things further. Even so, the Interior Department plans to have 90 percent of the state's lands conveyed by 1985, the deadline set in Alaska's statehood act.

The transfer of land from the federal government to the state certainly has been more complicated than anyone expected at the outset. The biggest problem was the small matter of compensating the original Alaska natives for land they had been deprived of, which was the subject of much litigation until Congress passed the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act in 1971. This measure guaranteed Alaska's population of 50,000 native inhabitants a total of 44 million acres and one billion dollars. It also had a provision protecting existing parks and wildlife refuges and authorizing the secretary of the interior to withdraw another 80 million acres to be protected from development. This last deprived the state of some land it had chosen but hadn't gotten approved. It sued the Interior Department, however, and some of the lands were returned in an out-of-court settlement.

From the state's point of view, though, the worst was yet to come. The Native Claims Act required Congress either to formally designate some of the withdrawn land for protection by the end of 1978 or else to see it revert to ordinary public lands status, which would have made it eligible once again for selection by the state. But when efforts to pass an Alaska lands bill collapsed in 1978, Interior Secretary Andrus used his emergency power to withdraw 110 million acres, most of which had been withheld from the state in 1971. Angry at Congress's failure to act, President Carter set aside 56 million acres of land for national monuments using authority under a law normally used for historic sites.

Carter's action gave both sides an incentive to come up with a compromise measure. Unlike the 1971 withdrawals under under the Native Claims Act, this measure was permanent and could be overturned only by Congress. So the state and its allies now had a choice between being stuck with the newly created monument lands, where most development is prohibited, and a bill that would open up some of the land to various uses. The administration also had an incentive to compromise, since its flexibility in administering the monument lands is severely constrained. It can't prohibit all development, as it would like to do in some areas. But it also can't open other areas to activities like hunting, as it would like.

The disagreements reflected in the House bill and its scaled-down counterpart offered in Tsongas's amendments on one side and the Energy Committee bill on the other are complex and nearly endless. The most important, however, involves a small section of Alaska's northeast corner, a protected area called the Arctic National Wildlife Range (also known as the William O. Douglas Range). This range is the home of the Porcupine caribou herd, the only herd in North America still close to its original size—about 120,000. The administration wants to make this a wilderness area, closing it off to any development, in order to protect the caribou and other wildlife.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the state and the oil industry want to open up to oil exploration a small strip on the coast, which also happens to be the herd's crucial calving ground. They argue that the area, only 50 miles west of Prudhoe Bay and just east of a large Canadian oil field, could hold huge oil reserves. But the chances of finding another Prudhoe Bay appear to be slim, based on the sketchy geological evidence available now. The Energy Committee bill would allow only seismic exploration, which involves no actual drilling and considerably less environmental damage. But seismic exploration is not very reliable in determining how much oil lies beneath the surface, and the seemingly minor destruction it would cause might be enough to scare away pregnant cows and cows with calves. That almost certainly would raise the herd's mortality rate and thus precipitate its decline.

It is this proposal to close off the Arctic Range to oil exploration that has provoked accusations that the environmentalists want to "lock up" oil that could make the US another Saudi Arabia. But this is pure fantasy. The Energy Department estimates the total reserves in Alaska at about 35 billion barrels—a respectable but not awesome amount. In any case, the Arctic Range is hardly the only likely source of oil in the state. Even Tsongas and the environmentalists would open up leasing in the National Petroleum Reserve in northwest Alaska, which the US Geological Survey estimates to have twice the likely reserves of the Range. And under Tsongas's proposal, 95 percent of the areas in Alaska with medium to high oil and gas potential would be open to exploration and eventual drilling. (Of course this is not the same thing as saying 95 percent of all the oil and gas is located on these lands.)

The Tsongas proposal also has been attacked as an anti-hunting bill. But this too is exaggerated. Under the Energy Committee bill, about 22 million acres of federal land would be closed to sport hunting (though much of it would be open to hunting by natives who rely on game for their subsistence). Under the Tsongas amendment, about 26 million acres would be closed. The difference represents a minuscule fraction of the 225 million acres in federal hands. Only a small percentage of the state's big game animals, such as the Dall sheep and the brown and black bear, are located in the areas set aside by Tsongas. Most of the best hunting areas wouldn't be affected.

Another issue involves whether or not to set aside as wilderness areas two of the state's most impressive scenic areas, Admiralty Island and Misty Fjords, both located in the southeastern archipelago. Admiralty Island is the only large undeveloped island left in the area, and Misty Fjords is one of the most spectacular areas in the state, but both would be open to development—particularly logging—under the Energy Committee bill. The state wants a guarantee that it can cut 520 million board feet a year, without which it says 2,000 jobs would be endangered. But the industry has cut far less than that in recent years, and Tsongas's original proposal would allow more cutting than the current level. Opening these two areas probably wouldn't affect the amount of logging in southeastern Alaska. It merely would divert it from areas that already have been developed to those that have not.

The compromise reached last week was an improvement over the Energy Committee bill, but it had some glaring flaws that the House probably will (and should) insist on correcting. The worst is that it opens up the Arctic Range to seismic exploration. It also would allow some development on Admiralty Island. The compromise also provides for a transportation corridor through a crucial part of the Gates of Arctic National Park, which is supposed to be the premier park in Alaska. In its favor, the compromise would set aside considerably more wilderness land than the original Energy Committee bill. It also would prohibit logging on Misty Fjords, although it provides for an expansion of an existing molybdenum mine in the center of the area, which might pollute some salmon spawning grounds.

This controversy is not quite as serious as the more extreme advocates on either side like to suggest. The bill preferred by the state would not open up the state to wholesale destruction of the environment, though it would endanger some unparalleled wilderness areas and some unique wildlife. Nor would the environmentalist proposals mean turning the state into a huge wilderness museum, or sealing off an enormous supply of oil, though they would close off some development and possibly deprive the nation of some oil. But when everything is considered, the environmentalists have the better of the argument. Alaska is the last frontier, and it represents our last chance to preserve matchless wild areas that, once altered, can't be replaced. If some of those lands are protected now, they can be developed later if pressing needs require it. But if they are developed now, they can't be preserved later. The environmentalists are exaggerating a little when they call the Alaska lands issue the "conservation vote of the century." But only a little.

Stephen Chapman

The dangers of thinking too little.

Maxims for Democrats

Anyone who has glanced recently at the crowded reading tables of his or her Republican friends will be impressed by the evidence of their new intellectual interests. *National Review*, once considered by some to be a mere purveyor of dogma, has changed. Pick up the August 8 issue and you will find reviews of Solzhenitsyn, Arnold Beichman on Nietzsche, Fitchte, Hegel, and Marx, and Joseph Sobran on Richard Sennett.

From the American Enterprise Institute we have the *AEI Economist*, *Foreign Policy and Defense Review*, *Regulation*, and *Public Opinion*, sturdy and innovative journals all. And from the Republican party itself, we have *Commonsense*, a quarterly that combines research, reflection, and advo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cacy. Even this year's Republican platform is a document replete with theory and discourse. The Republicans are serious about ideas; they want to become *the* party of ideas.

What are we Democrats to do?

It is rather too late to respond in kind. Somewhere in the 1960s we ceased to be a party of ideas, but we then went on to become a party rather opposed to ideas, which is a different matter. This had to do with embracing, simultaneously or in sequence, so many incompatible positions that it became necessary *not* to think too much. The 1976 campaign was a good example. We would defend liberty and slash the defense budget; increase social services and quell the "horrible, bloated bureaucratic mess." Four years later, we are almost as dissatisfied with our performance as is the public generally, but so far we have been unreflective about it. Factions accuse one another of bad faith, or whatever. But few argue the inadequacy of our ideas; fewer still proffer new ones. So what are we to do? If there is one general conclusion to be drawn from the recent results of Republican speculation it is that their ideas are increasingly detached from the lessons of experience. Learning from *their* experience, let me suggest six maxims for Democrats.

One. *When the economy goes wrong, nothing goes right.* These are the words of Arthur Okun; he was right. Good government, or in any event, lively government, depends on a surplus generated by the private sector. Political labels count for little in this calculus. Growth in non-defense spending by the federal government over the past 30-odd years has fluctuated from between 2.7 percent between 1947-65, 6.2 percent between 1965-76, and 1.3 percent since 1976. Ironically the most "liberal" period was presided over by the Republican administrations of the 1970s, while the most "conservative" period has been that of the recent Democratic years.

Two. *When Dr. Johnson declared that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, he underestimated the potential of reform.* Such was the observation of Roscoe Conkling, who resigned from the United States Senate when President Garfield did not appoint his nominee for collector of the Port of New York. Conkling's dictum is to be read in the spirit of Falstaff's axiom: "Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?" We are *all* scoundrels some of the time.

The reform of the Democratic party nominating process is a case in point. After 12 years of "opening" the party, it is now proposed that two men (or three or four) should have the right to decide who may vote at the national convention. We have arrived at correspondingly bizarre arrangements for deciding who should attend the convention in the first place. The 1980 Michigan delegation, for example, was chosen in a primary "election" on April 26 in which 16,233 persons participated, each having paid what amounted to a poll tax in order to vote. Had the Alabama delegation arrived at the 1928 convention based on such suffrage, it very likely would not have been seated. A certain self-knowledge will help avoid pressing reforms to the point where we are seen not at all as reformers but rather as scoundrels!

Three. *Inflation is fraud.* Adam Smith, noted for his objective inquiry into the workings of the political economy, insisted on this with uncharacteristic passion. It is a form of fraud when practiced, in Smith's words, by "princes and sovereign states." It is no less fraudulent when practiced by democracies.

What is to be said, for example, of a party professedly devoted to working people, which has presided over developments in which the savings and pensions of working people are systematically diminished in worth? What is to be said of a party which has allowed the effective return on investment to drop from about six percent in the 1960s to three percent in the 1980s, accompanied by the lowest rate of capital formation of any of the industrial democracies, and, generally, the highest rate of unemployment?

Four. *To tax 'em, you've got to catch 'em.* This is a proposition of Bruno Stein of New York University, known as Stein's Law of Taxation. A tradition of federalism and a particular theory of public administration in vogue in the 1930s have created a pattern of social legislation (and labor legislation) in the United States in which there are significant disparities among different states and regions. Local cost sharing is such that high-benefit states generally have significantly higher taxes than low-benefit states. (In a 1977 estimate, New York, where the Democratic Convention meets, had the nation's fourth lowest real per capita income after adjusting for taxes and cost of living.)

This pattern, again generally speaking, is worsened by patterns of federal expenditure. In fiscal year 1979, California (fourth highest per capita income) received $52.5 billion as against $36.3 billion to New York. This is having some effect on population movement and economic development. The movement tends to be away from the political constituencies that most support Democratic social policies. (New York, for instance, is likely to lose five congressional seats in 1982.) In any event, the well-publicized difficulties of these constituencies have been giving the policies a questionable reputation. Democrats should see this as an imbalance to be set right. No one knows just how important the imbalance is, but no one will know until it is set right.

Children in New York who are dependent on welfare, a federal program with state and local cost sharing, have not had an increase in their basic living allowance since 1974 because the state "can't" afford it. The children in Texas have had no increase in the whole of the 1970s because the state "won't" afford it. National policies mean

Coming:

Graham Hughes on

What Ails the Irish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national standards and national funding. This is an issue on which there is a direct and unambiguous difference between the policies that Democrats profess and those that Republicans profess. A party that will not insist on that difference, nor act on it, would do well perhaps to speak in a lowered voice about its great concern for the poor. Or even, for that matter, about its concern for the rights of workers.

Five. *Never promise anything you can't deliver.* This was Al Smith's first principle, and it stands today. A fair amount of the social science of recent decades has tended to establish the upper limits of many forms of social intervention. A specific task of the Democratic party in the United States is to manage a "soft" landing on the ceiling, if you will. If we go on insisting that we must go through the roof, we could well end up on the floor.

Six. *The Earth shall rise on New Foundations. We have been naught but shall be all.* How this thought made its way from the first stanza of the *Internationale* to the State of the Union message of 1979 is less important than the fact that it did. The United States *is* a revolutionary nation. Again in the 1960s, Democrats went through a period of doubting and even denigrating our role in the world from which we have not recovered, conceding to Republican pietism an intelligent defense of economic and political liberalism that is ours by right. In the past four years, for example, our relations with the third world surely have not improved, and judging by the pronouncements of the non-aligned nations, have manifestly worsened. (Our democratic ally, the sovereign state of Israel, has, for example, become "the Zionist entity," a non-state equivalent of a non-person.) If this hostility is so threatening, as the psychologists say, to our self-regard as Democrats that we cannot even acknowledge it, then our capacity to govern legitimately may be questioned. Because as much as we might sympathize with their ambitions and wish them well we can never expect their approval. With rare exceptions, America is a reproach and in that sense a threat to the regimes of most of the nations of the world, old and new. That is not going to change, and it is nothing to be ashamed of.

The issue of strategic arms ought to be our most powerful argument against the Republican candidates in the coming election. The Republican platform "rejects the fundamentally flawed SALT II treaty negotiated by the Carter Administration," and charges it with having, "in effect, practiced unilateral disarmament. . . ." This wholly misses the point, for SALT II is not disarmament of any sort. It does not provide for any significant reduction in numbers of weapons. Instead, it permits the continued accumulation and deployment of nuclear weapons by both sides. (By 1985 under SALT II the Soviets would have four warheads for every county in the United States. We would have a comparable number.) Far from unilateral disarmament, the Democratic administration has acquiesced in a steady acceleration of strategic arms development by both countries. In this respect, its treaty is little different from what the Republican administration had all but agreed to by 1977. The Democratic platform acknowledges that a nuclear arms race is in fact taking place but declares:

> A Democratic Administration will treat the Soviet government's readiness to negotiate verifiable, substantial and significant reductions and qualitative limits as a test of its seriousness about arms controls and the compatability of its approach to arms control with that of the United States.

In the interests of full disclosure, as the lawyers say, let me say that is a passage I wrote as a member of the drafting committee. But it is the position of the whole of the party. (Or can be if our candidate insists.) It makes all the difference in the world—*to* the world. We still can go back to the Soviets and talk cuts. Our opponents will not, or so they indicate.

In the end the differences between the two parties are great, this year as they have been in the past. One concedes and welcomes the appearance of a thoughtful and inquiring Republican party. But have they over-learned? Are their thoughts and inquiries derived from the experience of the past 40 years, and appropriate for the next decade? Or are they beginning to inhabit a world of thought, more than a little tinged with ideology (and campaign rhetoric!), that is increasingly removed from the reality of our experience? Are some among them staring into the blazing sun of doctrinal truth and blinding themselves in the process? We Democrats may be short on ideas of late, but we at least remain close to and accessible to experience. This is reason enough to fight this election as if it really mattered. It does.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan

Daniel Patrick Moynihan is the junior senator from New York.

What's wrong with the new foreign policy consensus.

The Absent Danger

Not since the hysteria over Sputnik two decades ago have we Americans felt so anxious about our place in the world. Part of our anxiety is firmly grounded in material life. Millions are out of work with little prospect of returning soon, inflation seems permanently into double digits, few can afford a new house or even a car. But these specific problems merge into a greater unease. Just yesterday, it seemed, we were living in the American Century, when the dollar was "good as gold," American industrial products were the international standard, and GI Joe patrolled the world (backed by our nuclear monopoly). No longer. Cassandras of both political parties exploit this emotional link between economic distress and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a general feeling of powerlessness. They say the greatest threat to our way of life comes from abroad. Our defenses are weak, they say, our influence is diminished, our example is scoffed at, our very future is imperiled. They wish to redirect our attention to the Kremlin and its master plan to take over the world.

Yet the new sense of powerlessness was inflicted most forcefully on Americans not by anything the Russians did, but by Moslem nationalists who seized our embassy in Iran. That symbolized everything that had gone wrong. Worst of all, it was a slap in the face. The hostage issue triggered an intense emotional reaction among Americans. Unlike the Vietnam War, which induced puzzlement, futility, and often guilt, we could feel at last that we were the aggrieved party. We had been maligned and mistreated—and, so far as we could tell, through no fault of our own. Patriotism became fashionable once again. We waved the flag, which was not a bad thing to do, now that we were not fighting any colonial wars to be embarrassed about. We shook our fists, which made us feel good, though it was not much help to the hostages. And we floundered for some way to assert ourselves. But we could not figure out how to do it. We could not put pressure on the Iranians because they did not even have a government. Or at least not one responsive to bribes or threats. And there was virtually no way we could use force and still get the hostages out alive. (This is why the hostages' families can be thankful that the "rescue" mission was bungled.)

We were consumed by a terrible frustration for which there was no outlet. Then along came Afghanistan and the rampaging Russians. What a relief! Here at last was an adversary worthy of our indignation: one who, like us, measured power in terms of brigades, flotillas, and megatons. We could flex our muscles once again. Last December and January, adrenaline flowed in Washington like Perrier. Men girded for war and made solemn vows of fortitude. They evoked visions of Munich and recited irrefutable "lessons" of the past.

The only problem was trying to explain exactly what was the threat in Afghanistan. The United States hardly could be said to have a vital stake in a country with which it has had virtually no economic or political contact, and which, for all practical purposes, fell under Soviet control two years earlier. Nor could we be said to be upholding the sacred principle of non-intervention. After all, we had intervened a few times ourselves to help our "friends" stay in power. True, the Kremlin's insistence that it was merely responding to a call for help from a beleaguered ally was a pretty flimsy excuse. But it was just as flimsy when we used it in the Dominican Republic in 1965.

We were disturbed about Afghanistan not because it suddenly assumed strategic significance, but for the more emotional reason that we were tired of being "pushed around." Without the humiliation American pride suffered in Iran, Afghanistan would have seemed little more than a settling of accounts among Communists. We would have dismissed it with a shrug and a sermon, just as Lyndon Johnson dismissed the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and John Foster Dulles dismissed the suppression of the Hungarian revolt in 1956.

But the American public was agitated by the events in Tehran, and the Carter administration was in trouble. President Carter needed an issue with which to redeem himself. A tough stance would bolster the public's morale, and maybe the administration's ratings as well. Afghanistan suddenly became crucial. It was time to stand up to the Russians and show that we would not be "pushed around" anymore. Lost somewhere in the shuffle was the fact that it was not the Russians, but the Iranians, who were pushing us around. But never mind. The Kremlin was being pushy. It was sending ships into "our" Indian Ocean. It was mucking around in black Africa. It was building missiles as big as ours. And, worst of all, it now seemed to be inching toward the Persian Gulf, the watery site of all our current oil anxieties. A minor annoyance elevated to the level of a major crisis.

Suddenly Reds under the bed are fashionable again. Richard Nixon, resurrected once more (this time, it would seem, as the "old Nixon"), tells us in his recent book, *The Real War* (Warner Books), World War III already has started and the Reds are gunning for us. This is a bit odd coming from the man whose whole foreign policy was built on detente, and who signed an arms control agreement with Moscow and opened the door to Peking. It is even odder to hear the same sort of stuff from Henry Kissinger, who worked out a succession of cozy deals with the Russians amounting virtually to a US-Soviet condominium over the world. But now, in his new guise as a Republican office-seeker, Kissinger finds it expedient to repudiate the policies he pursued so energetically in office.

Similar noises emerge from an assemblage of academics, litterateurs, businessmen, and retired military officers known as the Committee on the Present Danger. The phrase, "the present danger"—vague, but ominous—entered the political vocabulary as a password for a new bipartisan hawkish consensus. Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, uses this password as the title for his recent little volume, *The Present Danger* (Simon & Schuster), an extended version of a *Commentary* article earlier this year. In now-familiar present-danger rhetoric, Podhoretz tells us that our civilization may be in its last quarter-hour. The threat, to his mind, is not atomic destruction or economic collapse, but rather Soviet imperialism. The Russians are "dedicated to the destruction" of our society, and the balance of power is "tilting" toward them. Our "Finlandization," whatever that is, lies just around the corner, and because we have indulged in a "culture of appeasement," we may soon find that "surrender or war are the only remaining choices." The book is a main selection of the Conservative Book Club.

The current unhappy state of affairs, according to Podhoretz, results from the fact that all the presidents from Ike the Good have foolishly sought "detente" with the Russians when they should have held faithfully to the brand of "containment" pursued by Harry Truman and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dean Acheson in the early days of the cold war. By containment he means the classic formulation of George Kennan in 1947: the US should confront the Soviets with the "adroit and vigilant application of counterforce at a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points." In other words, the US should draw a military line against any "communist" advance.

The only trouble with this doctrine, as Kennan himself soon realized, was that it made no distinction between Soviet power and indigenous nationalist movements in which local "Communists" were involved. And further, as Walter Lippmann pointed out at the time, it would make the United States hostage to every dictator wanting American help to prop up his regime. It would mean, Lippmann wrote, "recruiting, subsidizing and supporting a heterogeneous array of satellites, clients, dependents and puppets." It meant, in short, the Vietnam War, the logical application of the containment strategy. Kennan later repudiated his own doctrine, and has become one of the most ardent critics of the attitudes Podhoretz exemplifies.

Podhoretz's argument is a familiar one—we have been hearing it, in one form or another, ever since 1945—and so is his prescription. We should reverse the "retreat" of American power initiated by (of all people) Nixon. We should not be squeamish about supporting our tried and true friends in places like the Philippines and South Korea, though they may play a little rough sometimes. We should get rid of the pernicious "no more Vietnams" syndrome. We should build more missiles and bombers, overcome our "articulated horror over the prospect of nuclear war," "unleash" the CIA, and resist the insidious "self-Finlandization" (one of the few awkward phrases in an elegantly written essay) that, so he assures us, has already infected our European allies.

To buttress his points Podhoretz occasionally cites certain historical "facts." For example, he tells us that after World War II the Russians "had been permitted" by the US to occupy most of Eastern Europe. They had not been "permitted" to do anything. They were in Eastern Europe because they had pushed back the German army, and because it had been US and British policy to make them carry the brunt of the war against the Nazis. The Americans and British later tried to get them out of Eastern Europe by economic and political pressure, but failed. Podhoretz also states that in 1947 Greece and Turkey were "threatened by the same fate." They were not. The Russians sought joint control with Turkey over the Dardanelles. They cited the fact that Turkey had been an ally of Nazi Germany, that they were seeking less than the British enjoyed at Suez and the Americans in Panama, and that FDR had given tacit approval to their claims. The Turks, with American support, refused. That was the end of it. There was never a threat of invasion. As for Greece, the Russians—honoring their 1944 pact with Churchill—gave the British a free hand in mopping up the Communist and leftist forces. The guerrillas got support not from the Russians but from the Yugoslavs, who were pursuing their own national objectives—in this case a slice of Macedonia. Had Podhoretz consulted Milovan Djilas, whom he quotes approvingly on the need not to be frightened by nuclear war, he would have noted that Stalin washed his hands of the Greek Communists and made no threats against Greece.

One more example. In discussing the application of the containment doctrine in Korea, Podhoretz declares that, "In refusing to do more in Korea than repel the North Korean invasion . . . the United States served notice on the world that it had no intention of going beyond containment to rollback or liberation." To the contrary. As early as August 1950, the Truman administration hinted that its ultimate objective was to unify Korea by force. That month Warren Austin, US delegate to the UN, told the Security Council that all Koreans "must attain complete individual and political freedom. . . . Shall only a part of the country be assured of this freedom? . . . I think not." On October 7, three weeks after the Inchon landing, American troops crossed the 38th parallel and drove toward the Yalu with instructions to proceed until they met Chinese or Russian resistance. Short-circuiting the Security Council, where the Russians had a veto, the US secured an endorsement of the action from the General Assembly. Later, after it all went wrong, Truman and Acheson claimed that MacArthur had taken matters into his own hands. But it was they, with the concurrence of the Joint Chiefs, who had tried to roll back communism. And it was not the Russians, but the Chinese, who stopped them.

Podhoretz's "facts" are really metaphors designed to show that only American stupidity, or perhaps even betrayal, allowed communism to spread its tentacles. The real-life fact that communism has hardly spread anywhere, and that the term itself—as a description of a nation's economic or foreign policy—has become largely meaningless, does not diminish the urgent breathlessness of his argument, for the argument is one that rests on faith, and on fear.

This is why Afghanistan has been such a blessing, for the Soviet presence in that forsaken land nourishes American anxieties. And chief among those anxieties is oil. Thus we have Podhoretz arguing that the real reason the Soviets are in Afghanistan is to creep down toward the Gulf. And why do they want to get there? Why, to shut off the West's oil supply. It is a curious scenario that lacks political, as well as logistical, plausibility; but this in no way diminishes the dogmatism with which it is presented.

Yet ultimately it is not the invasion of Afghanistan, or

Coming:

The New York Senate Skirmishes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even the threat that the Russians somehow will be able to seize, operate, and protect oil fields spread across a hostile area bigger than Europe, that has led Podhoretz to such grim forebodings. For he is not primarily concerned with Russian power. Rather it is communism as an ideology that disturbs him. The Soviet Union, he asserts, is not a nation like any other. Rather it is, like Nazi Germany, a revolutionary state determined to impose an international order congenial to its interests and ideology. One could, to be sure, say this of all powerful states. But for Podhoretz the primary question is a moral one. "Communism," he declares, quoting liberally from apostates like Djilas and Solzhenistyn, "whether dominated by Moscow or not, has been a curse." Now this may well be true. But it is not an observation that offers much direction to American policy. It doesn't tell us what to do about Afghanistan, let alone the MX missile, Persian Gulf oil, and an economy reeling under the burden of geopolitical decisions made three decades ago and not seriously reexamined since.

Podhoretz is not so much a Churchill warning us to awake, or even a Cassandra predicting terrible woes, as he is a Jeremiah with a litany of grievances. There is something shrill, and disturbingly intolerant, about his moral crusade against the various evils he lumps together under the category of "communism." He finds it hard to accept that others, in perfect good faith, might disagree with him. Thus he declares that critics of US military interventionism are poisoned by "self-hatred," that restraint in foreign policy is a "euphemism for unilateral disarmament;" that those dubious about the virtues of the CIA and an imperial presidency are "isolationists," and that liberals are consumed by an "anti-Americanism that makes them reflexively blame the United States for everything evil that happens in the world." There is also something distasteful about a morality that hails the salutory effects of McCarthyism because it was able to "mobilize support for an anti-Communist foreign policy by making the danger of Communism seem domestic and immediate."

Perhaps what inspires former liberals who worry aloud about "the present danger" has less to do with morality than with indignation. Neoconservatives like Podhoretz are tired of being "pushed around"—not only, to judge by the articles in his magazine, by Iranians and Russians, but by affirmative action minorities, equal rights women, and shameless gays. He is outraged that the Arabs dare charge so much for their oil. We should have invaded them in 1973, when it all started, he asserts.

Underneath so many of these complaints lies a deep concern over status. That concern, at least for many ex-liberals, began in the mid-1960s, when black militants stopped being grateful for white liberal largesse, when expensively educated white children stopped showing respect for their parents and teachers, when the sacred bastion of the academy was invaded. That is when scholars started to flee Berkeley and Columbia, and when *Commentary* made a sharp turn to the right.

Today we face serious problems with the Soviet Union. Not because it is ruled by fanatical Communists panting to grab our oil, but because lines of communications and mutual interest have virtually broken down. The recent resurrection of the Red peril is not due to any sudden increase in Soviet power and influence. For all its missile building, the Soviet Union remains a society with an inefficient and now stagnant economy, with little influence outside areas policed by the Red Army, with restive satellites seeking their own deals with the West, and with the world's most populous and powerful nations arrayed in alliance against it: the United States, Western Europe, China, and Japan. The view from the Kremlin must be very grim indeed.

Then why Reds under the bed once more? Because the certainties of our own world have collapsed. Because we no longer can count on our prosperity, on our ability to order events, on assuming that the future will be better than the past. Today the United States is going through a kind of nervous fit, showing some of the symptoms of an imperial power on the decline. The situation is still under control. It is not yet a nervous breakdown. The American people, for all their anxiety, are still relatively calm. But they are under assault—by demagogues, by ideologues, by politicians and intellectuals intent on self-assertion.

The pronouncements of those who have made "the present danger" a vogue phrase are not just symptoms of the current unrest. They are fuel that could ignite a panic. That may be the intention.

Ronald Steel

Ronald Steel, whose long-awaited biography of Walter Lippmann is reviewed in this issue, will be writing fortnightly essays on foreign affairs for *The New Republic* beginning next month.

A Fool and His Money

Life After Death

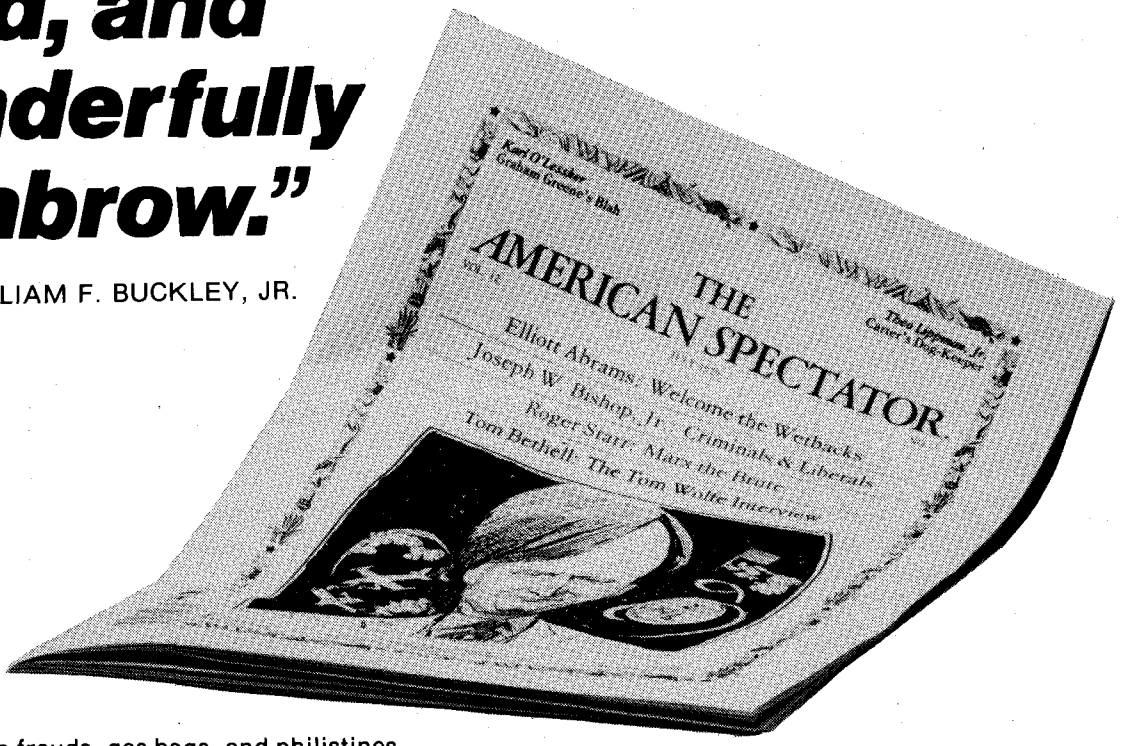
(A theory currently popular on Wall Street is that choosing stocks at random can be a more effective investment strategy than relying on the advice of experts. A deeply held belief in the business world is that liberals have their heads in the clouds and no understanding of practical matters. To test both these propositions, we have chosen a liberal at random—a Mr. Nicholas von Hoffman of Washington, DC—and asked for his observations on investment opportunities. Mr. von Hoffman's comments appear every month or so.)

The good news is that the bad news isn't any worse than it is, and the bad news is that men in high places are talking as though getting inflation down to eight percent a year is an accomplishment. If they succeed in attaining that goal, the buying power of your savings will be cut in half approximately every 10 years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Iconbusting, brawlingly staid, and wonderfully highbrow."

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.


THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Elliott Abrams: Welcome the Wetbacks
Joseph W. Bishop, Jr.: Criminals & Liberals
Roger Starr: Mars the Beaut
Tom Bethell: The Tom Wolfe Interview

Do you disrelish frauds, gas bags, and philistines armed with the full power of the State? Do you relish humor, intelligence, eloquence—writing that cuts to the heart of an issue in memorable style? If so, *The American Spectator* is for you.

Inside every issue you will find intelligent articles on important subjects ranging from politics to literary criticism, from economic analysis to policy analysis to film commentary.

Along with such serious articles you will find regular features and special articles that are guaranteed to make you laugh out loud. Each issue, for example, carries a full page of idiotic quotations gathered from the far corners of the Republic. Another page summarizes the latest monkeyshines perpetrated by the world's buffoons.

Our all-star lineup features not only well-known writers like Malcolm Muggeridge, Irving Kristol, and Milton Friedman, but also some of the most talented members of the rising young generation, for instance, editor R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., whose opinions *Time* magazine has said "are couched in some of the liveliest prose since the passing of H.L. Mencken."

So if you are wearied by those magazines that approach every issue with a sour face, you should consider *The American Spectator.* If you are also looking for a magazine that will render you thoughtful, then inflamed, *The American Spectator* is definitely for you.

To order a subscription just complete the coupon and send it to us with your check. Or—if you prefer—we can bill you. In either case we offer a 100% money-back guarantee.

Subscribe to a magazine that stirs the blood and engages the mind. Subscribe to *The American Spectator.*

"One of the nation's most energetic and sprightly journals of opinion.... If *The American Spectator* has a guiding philosophy, it is little more than a disgust for hypocrisy, utopian social engineering and bad writing."

—TIME

"One of the liveliest, best written, best edited journals of ideas and politics we know."

—BALTIMORE SUN

"One of the few magazines which dares to focus on both popular and terribly unpopular viewpoints. The result is a fascinating, intelligent, and totally readable approach to current affairs. It is highly recommended."

—LIBRARY JOURNAL

THE
AMERICAN SPECTATOR.
P.O. BOX 1969, BLOOMINGTON, IN 47402

Yes, I'll try *The American Spectator.* Please enter a one-year subscription (12 issues) for $12.

☐ Please bill me. If the first issue disappoints me, I'll write "cancel" across the bill and owe nothing.

☐ My $12 is enclosed. Please send me TWO ADDITIONAL ISSUES AT NO ADDITIONAL COST. I understand that full refund is guaranteed if I cancel on seeing the first issue.

[Please print]

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

OHAX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is just such prospects that drive people to do things like take part in pyramid games, an activity that will get a fool and his money parted very quickly, but not with much fun. If you're desperate enough and have that kind of cash, there are other long shots to play. You could, for example, buy New York, New Haven & Hartford bonds.

For people under 40 it should be explained that New York, New Haven & Hartford is a railroad company which once dominated New England from Boston southward. Around the turn of the century, J. P. Morgan got hold of it and, like many a modern conglomerator, loved it, looted it, and left it. He watered the stock; in fact he drenched it. (If a company with one machine worth $100 is owned by 10 people, each of whom has a single share of stock, each share of stock stands for $10 worth of property. But if officers of the company create 10 more shares of stock which they sell for 10 bucks each, and don't buy another machine with the proceeds, they have watered the stock—that is, they've diluted its value.)

Morgan wrecked the old NYNH&HRR to get money to establish a New England transportation monopoly. He failed, but the railroad never recovered and finally, in July 1961, the poor thing with its dirty cars and its rotting right of way expired by filing under section 77 of the federal Bankruptcy Act. Ah, but in business, too, there can be life after death. So you may be entertained to learn that 18 years after its demise, in 1979, the New Haven managed to make almost three and a half million dollars. How? Wait. How do I know? Because the Securities and Exchange Commission requires corporations, even bankrupt ones, to file this sort of information and make it available to the public. Among other nuggets buried in the New Haven's SEC forms was the information that almost half of that three and a half million was consumed by lawyers and the other vultures who get rich on somebody else going out of business.

The important things to keep one's eye fastened on, though, are that somewhere in that vast financial entombment there is money buried and that you just might get your hands on some of it. Everything of value doesn't disappear when bankruptcy is declared. In the case of the New Haven, all kinds of touchable assets existed, like the little red cabooses and choochoos themselves. Bankruptcy is a way of determining who gets paid and who gets stiffed. Usually the people with the best or among the very best claims for whatever money is left are the bondholders. A bond is simply a corporation's IOU for money it has borrowed, entitling the bondholder to so much interest a year until the bond "matures" and the corporation must pay back the original loan. Bonds are traded just like stocks. Since the annual interest payment is fixed for the life of the bond, the price of the bond itself generally fluctuates inversely with prevailing interest rates. (That is why the bond market crashed when interest rates soared last spring.) But naturally the prospect or arrival of bankruptcy also affects the trading price of a particular company's bonds.

In the case of the New Haven, the assets—the choochoos, the real estate, the unsold tickets, the unused conductors' hats, and so on—were all transferred to another corporation, that all-time mega-disaster, the biggest crash in corporate history, the Penn Central. In return for the New Haven's tangibles, the Penn Central gave the bankrupt railroad's trustee, or court-appointed guardian, Penn Central bonds. And then Penn Central went bankrupt itself. So now owners of the old New Haven bonds are in effect owed money by two bankrupt railroads. But the Penn Central has huge assets in real estate and other kinds of properties. And since the government has been good enough to bail it out of the railroad business, those bonds may well start paying in a year or two—in which case New Haven bonds may become very nice bonds indeed.

It is still a long shot, so you should not pay much more than $100 for a bond labeled $1,000. If the bond starts pumping money again, it will pay four and a half percent on $1,000, or 45 bucks. But remember, you took this fool's advice and bought your bonds for $100 so you'd be making 45 percent on your money. That's good enough to stay ahead of either Mr. Carter's or Mr. Reagan's inflation. Keep in mind it is a long shot, which is why those bonds are so cheap. A helluva lot of lawyers stand between you and that money.

The interest you get on a "used" bond you buy depends on the price you paid for it, not on the price and interest rate printed on the bond when it was issued. Owners of bonds seem to be very jittery people, maybe because bonds are supposed to be super-conservative investments for people who have a well-bred aversion to risk taking. Thus when their super-conservative investment is actually threatened by bad news, they often bolt and run sooner than they should. This was the case a few years ago when New York City was threatening bankruptcy. The price of New York bonds swooned, thereby making them an occasion for gorgeously disgusting enrichment for the realists who bought them at bargain basement prices. These people understood that too many big banks and bond underwriters (firms which buy bonds wholesale from whoever is issuing them and retail them to suckers like you and me) would have had too large a legal and financial problem if those bonds ceased to pay interest regularly as they are supposed to.

A similar opportunity presents itself now with the Chrysler Corporation. The odds are that neither the Republicans nor the Democrats are going to let Chrysler go blub-blub. The Republicans are more likely to save Chrysler through foreign car import barriers while the Democrats are more prone to the handout. Either way, you as a taxpayer or car purchaser will be the loser, so now is the time to take your revenge as an investor.

Chrysler has a wholly owned but legally separate subsidiary called the Chrysler Financial Corporation. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nick's Picks . . . Bart's Charts

Inflation is coasting along above 12 percent, the temperature is hovering around 100 degrees, and it looks like Ronald Reagan will be our next president, but it's still been a good summer if you own pork bellies futures. Six weeks ago our mythical million dollar investment fund put $96,000 into 64 contracts for "bellies," as they're known, each contract promising the delivery of 19 tons of bacon in March 1981. We paid 48.27 cents a pound, but because our broker let us buy "on margin" we only had to put up $1,500 for each contract. You may remember that this was particularly risky since a decline of three cents a pound would have wiped out most of our investment. Well, the point of taking great risks is that there is great potential gain. The closing price of our pork bellies contracts on August 4 was 62.67 cents a pound, an increase of 14.4 cents a pound or $350,208 for 64 contracts. If we had sold our contracts, this would have been a return of 365 percent on our $96,000 investment in six weeks. But for the time being we will resist the temptation to cash in on our bacon. It may go even higher, and anyway if we sell in less than six months the IRS considers the profit a short-term capital gain, taxable at a higher rate than a long-term capital gain.

Our other initial investment, Beatrice Foods bonds, was meant to balance our speculative flyer on bellies with steady interest income from a solid company. August brought us our first semi-annual payment of $5,057. Meanwhile, though, the overall decline in the bond market has taken its toll, and our $99,045 investment in Beatrice Bonds now has a market value of only $92,768. But we were planning to hold onto these bonds for a while anyway, so small price fluctuations are of little concern as long as the interest keeps coming.

We have deposited this interest payment into our money market fund, Dreyfus Liquid Assets. The $804,025 we originally deposited has been earning an average of eight percent, or $7,422 for the six-week period. So now we have $816,504 with which to make our second round of investments. This month we will follow two of Mr. von Hoffman's gambling recommendations: Resorts International and Chrysler Financial Corporation bonds. While the bonds of the parent Chrysler Corporation are an even greater gamble, and so more in keeping with our theme, at their current price they will pay us only about 20 percent—not nearly enough to compensate for the risk. So we will stick with bonds that pay slightly lower interest, but should be much safer.

Uncle Sam isn't the only one lending large sums to Lee Iacocca and Company. Chrysler has so much debt that we have our choice of buying Chrysler Financial Corporation bonds with eight different maturity dates, ranging from 1981 to 1991. Currently the highest yield, for some reason, is on bonds maturing in 1987. They pay $93.75 annually in interest, which comes out to 14.8 percent at their current market price of $633.75. Resorts International bonds pay $100 annually, which at their current price of $713.75 works out to 14 percent. Since we have a self-imposed limit of $100,000 per investment, we can buy 156 Chrysler Financial bonds for $98,865, and 140 Resorts International bonds for $99,925. That's 296 bonds in all, with a brokerage fee of $10 each or $2,960.

Jim Morgan of Smith Barney, Harris Upham and Company in Washington has helped us gather the information for this column, but he is not responsible for our judgments.

Here is what our portfolio looks like after six weeks and two rounds of investments:

	June 20	August 4
93 Beatrice Foods Bonds (market value)	$ 99,045	$ 92,768
64 pork belly futures on margin (our equity plus profit)	96,000	446,208
156 Chrysler Financial Corp. bonds (market value)	--	98,865
140 Resorts International bonds (market value)	--	99,925
Dreyfus Liquid Assets	804,025	614,754
TOTAL:	$999,070	**$1,352,520**

The score so far:

Consumer price index (estimated)	+1.65 percent
Dow Jones Industrial Average	+6.5 percent
TNR's Fool Fund	+35.3 percent

Bart Rubenstein

"legally separated" is important, because it means that if Papa goes tumbling down, Chrysler Financial should still be in business. Chrysler Financial's business is nothing more than financing the sales and leasing of Chrysler automotive products, so if the parent does get knocked out, the child ultimately will be out of work but not necessarily bankrupt. Chrysler financial bonds are currently paying anywhere from 11 to 15 percent. The lower interest 11 percenters are due to expire in a couple of years, while the higher interest bonds don't mature till the end of the decade and therefore are somewhat more risky.

Then there are the bonds of the Chrysler Corporation itself, IOUs issued by the troubled parent. The risk being so much greater, these are currently paying about 20 percent interest, but that's not really good enough. They're currently selling at about $450 for a $1,000 list price bond. However, they have gone as low as $229, which would give them an interest rate of about 40 percent. That's more like it. The thing to do is watch for bad news for the car business, be it more government regulation, new models being imported from the land of the Rising Sony, or the announcement of higher gasoline prices. Wait for Chrysler bond prices to fall, and then pounce. At 40 percent interest, the company can go bankrupt after five years and you've still made 100 percent profit.

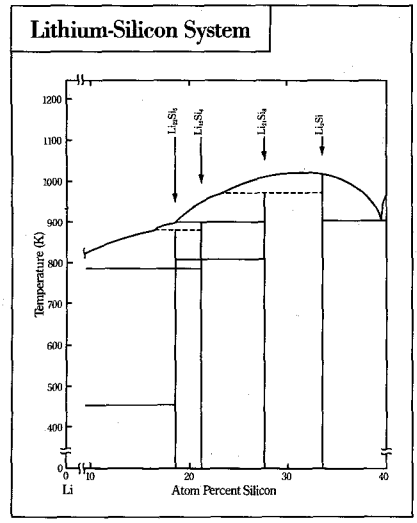
Of course it is wrong to wish ill fortune on others. But if, through no act of your own, bad luck does come to another, what's the harm in profiting from it? This brings us to the case of the General Public Utilities Corporation, the faceless holding company which is the proprietor of Three Mile Island. GPU's annual report to the SEC reads like the Book of Job. It is one long moan. If ever there was a company headed for bankruptcy, it ought to

(continued on page 28)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

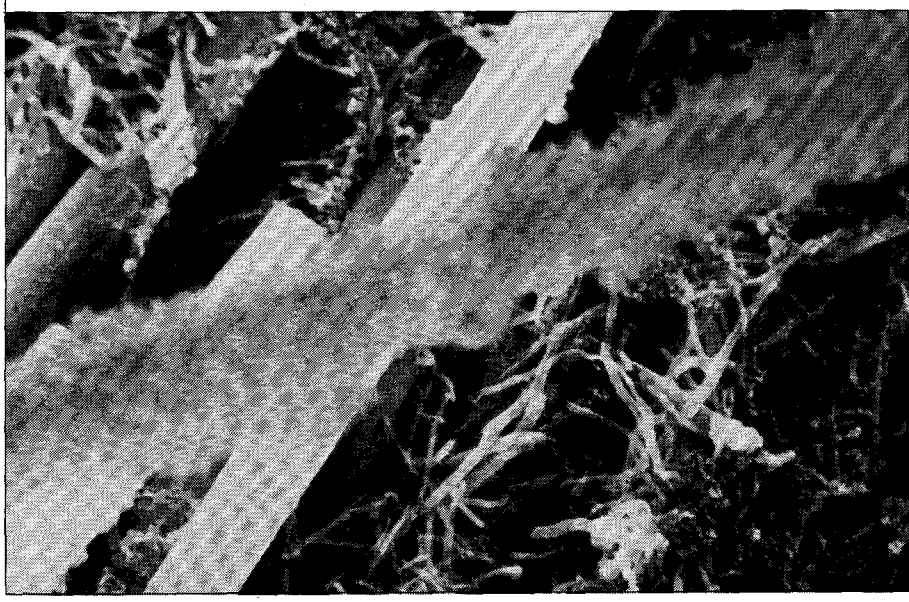
The Lithium Paradigm

The practicality of a mass-produced electric car depends upon the development of a long-life, low-cost, rechargeable battery. Recent discoveries at the General Motors Research Laboratories have encouraged scientists seeking to harness the abundant but elusive energy available in lithium—a highly desirable battery component.



Partial phase diagram of the lithium-silicon system. Lithium activity changes by two orders of magnitude in the concentration range shown.

Color-enhanced scanning electron micrograph showing the results of lithium attack on boron nitride.



HIGH ELECTROPOSITIVITY and low equivalent weight make lithium an ideal battery reactant, capable of supplying the specific energy needed to operate an electric vehicle. The source of the abundant energy available in lithium, however, is exactly what makes it almost impossible to manage. The challenge is to prepare alloys and find materials stable enough to contain the aggressiveness of lithium without greatly suppressing its activity.

New knowledge of the thermodynamic properties of lithium-containing materials has been revealed by fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories. Investigations, carried out by Dr. Ram Sharma and his colleagues, aim at developing a basic comprehensive understanding of selected "exotic" systems. Their work is directly related to the search for an advanced molten salt battery cell.

Specific energies greater than 180 W·h/kg, about five times that of the lead-acid battery, have been demonstrated by electrochemical cells utilizing LiCl-KCl electrolyte and electrodes of metal sulfide and lithium alloy. But operating temperatures of 723 K and the aggressive nature of the chemical reactants pose serious new challenges to cell construction materials. Of particular concern is the lithium attack upon separators and seal components. Most inorganic insulators, including the refractory oxides and nitrides, are destroyed or rendered conductive by this attack. Boron nitride, one of the more resistant materials, has been the subject of Dr. Sharma's recent, successful efforts to establish conditions under which attack may be avoided.

Dr. Sharma began by exploring the thermodynamics of the lithium-silicon system. Silicon reduces the activity of lithium without substantially increasing its weight, and produces a manageable solid at 723 K.

Constant-current potentiometry experiments were carried out in an inert atmosphere. The electrochemical cell consisted of a Li-Si alloy positive electrode, a eutectic mixture of LiCl-KCl electrolyte, and two Li-Al alloy electrodes—one negative and one reference electrode.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A series of anodic and cathodic cycles at very low current densities indicated three well-defined voltage plateaus below 80 atom percent lithium composition. This behavior was confirmed by experiments in which pure silicon was used in place of Li-Si alloy as the starting material.

The results were used to modify the Li-Si phase diagram, which indicated only two such plateaus. The revised phase diagram shows four compounds: Li_2Si, $Li_{21}Si_8$, $Li_{15}Si_4$ and $Li_{22}Si_5$. The exact composition of $Li_{21}Si_8$ had not previously been known.

Dr. Sharma confirmed the existence of the new compound by x-ray diffraction analysis. He determined its melting point to be 976 ± 8 K by differential thermal analysis. He produced a scanning electron micrograph that clearly indicates a single phase for the compound. He was also able to determine the maximum nonstoichiometric ranges of the lithium-silicon compounds from charge passed during the transitions between voltage plateaus.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE lithium activity present in the system's various compounds allowed Dr. Sharma to evaluate the stability of boron nitride with Li-Si alloys of differing composition.

A controlled potential was imposed on a boron nitride cloth sample in an electrochemical cell. By monitoring the current in the cell at different potentials, Dr. Sharma established the point at which lithium activity produces reaction.

Boron nitride was found to react with $Li_{15}Si_4$ only when in the presence of $Li_{22}Si_5$. The new compound, $Li_{21}Si_8$, did not exhibit sufficient lithium activity to attack boron nitride.

Reaction occurred according to the following equation:

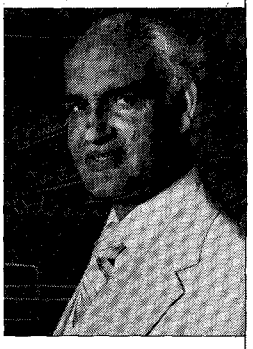
$$BN + (3+x)\,Li = Li_xB + Li_3N$$

The lithium nitride that formed during reaction dissolved in the molten salt electrolyte, but the lithium boride remained on the surface and became electronically conductive, causing high self-discharge in the cell.

"The establishment of the region of stability of boron nitride makes it possible to recommend appropriate charging limits," according to Dr. Sharma.

"Restricting the amount of charge in keeping with the recommended limits will control lithium activity, preventing the formation of highly-conductive compounds and adding durability to an electrochemical system which already displays high specific energy. Ultimately, that brings the prospect of high-performance electric vehicles closer to reality."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK



Dr. Ram Sharma is a Senior Research Scientist in the Department of Electrochemistry at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Sharma was educated in India and England. He graduated from Banaras Hindu University with an M. Sc. in physical chemistry. He received a Ph. D. in physical chemistry and chemical metallurgy from London University's Imperial College of Science and Technology.

Before joining General Motors in 1970, Dr. Sharma conducted research at the Argonne National Laboratory, the Institute of Direct Energy Conversion at the University of Pennsylvania, the Nuffield Research Group in England and the National Metallurgical Laboratory in India.

GM General Motors
People building transportation to serve people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be this one. Its losses from the accident, by its own calculations, are running into hundreds of millions of dollars. But all that glows in the dark is not radioactive. In the blackest gloom, the warm bright coals of the hope of profit may sometimes be descried. While mothers give birth to deformed babies and cows bring forth two-headed calves and economic blight falls on the rich Pennsylvania Dutch farmland near those two cold nuclear plants, there is money to be made. General Public Utilities is paying no dividend on its stock, but its bonds are giving off 16 percent or more interest with the regularity of deadly gamma rays. Stockholders are at the mercy of profits, but bondholders must be paid in full until bankruptcy finally arrives.

Standard and Poors, the company that keeps statistics and makes judgments on other companies, rates only five other public utilities in America as a worse investment risk than GPU. And S&P couldn't be more right if you just read the balance sheet and the prospectus, but there are other elements which makes this a better bet to avoid bankruptcy than it looks. First, there is the general concern of the electrical generating industry about what happens if GPU goes down and defaults on its bonds. Electrical utilities have to borrow staggering amounts of money, usually by issuing bonds. Your electric company has a much larger debt than most other kinds of businesses because of the terrifying amounts of money needed to put up a generating plant of any sort, atomic or otherwise. These are very expensive toys. Thus every utility in the nation is going to worry that a default by GPU on its two billion dollars' worth of bonds is going to scare prospective utility bond buyers. Second, utilities with nuclear generating plants are going to be even more concerned, since bond buyers are going to look at them with even greater trepidation. Third, every company in the business of making nuclear generators or selling the fuel for them, and that's lots of companies like General Electric and Exxon, is going to worry that a General Public Utilities flame-out will do more to end atomic electricity generation than 10 million greenies chaining themselves to the gates of every power plant in the nation. Thus, you have good reason to presume that a way will be found to save GPU. As a taxpayer, you probably won't like it, but call your broker and you'll be making enough to take care of the IRS and have a bit of a profit left over for Mr. or Ms. Number One.

For people who would like to gamble on gambling, there is Resorts International. Again, stay as far away from the stock as possible. It pays no dividend at all, not even a token dime. Nothing, nil, a cardinal sin as far as your fool is concerned. He doesn't recommend them, but if you watch the prices you may want to take a flier on the company's debentures. (Debentures are bonds that don't have any priority over stocks in case things go bad, which can always happen with a company like this one that is almost totally dependent on the politicians for licensure and therefore will always be caught up in lawsuits and investigations.) The big advantage of buying a Resorts International debenture is that regardless of how often you go to their Atlantic City Casino and get your clock wiped, you can always walk out of the place telling yourself they still owe you money and that you have their marker in your safety deposit box.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Nicholas von Hoffman is a syndicated capitalist.

IBM's best customer.

The End of the Shah

Had he not been raised in the imperial purple, he could have become a brother to Mahatma Gandhi and Fidel Castro, Josef Stalin and Muammar Qaddafi—a liberation hero determined to catch up with the West and to end its hegemony. But Reza Pahlavi was a revolutionary from the topmost class, in the mold of Russia's Peter the Great. Though only second-generation royalty—his father had begun as a mule driver—Reza Pahlavi played to the hilt the role of king of kings. He reveled in a pomp that had no equal in this century and would suffer no contact with the masses he sought to elevate. He called them "the beggars." He looked down upon world leaders—democratic or authoritarian—for courting popular favor. He asserted the superiority of a mystic bond of trust he said existed between him and his subjects.

He was furious with the outside world for failing to applaud his "white revolution" of land reform as a historic answer to the Bolshevik revolution. He could not bring himself to accept the notion that reality failed to bend to his will. Two principal events of his reign were not to be mentioned in his realm: in 1941 the British and the Americans installed him on the throne to replace his father, a Nazi sympathizer; and in 1953 the CIA engineered the defeat of his enemies and his return from exile. As the waves of protest rose in 1978, he hoped that at the last moment the United States would rescue him again.

As a young monarch, Reza Pahlavi was perceived as weak and indecisive. Over the years he acquired faith in himself as a man of destiny: not only as the savior of his country and a champion of its renaissance, but also as a guardian of the free world, in the front line of the struggle against communism.

His dream was an Iranian empire restored to the glory of antiquity. By 1973, when he helped Egypt come close to defeating Israel, he was convinced that Iran was destined to rise as the next great power. He became OPEC's toughest negotiator. He had himself acclaimed as the guarantor of stability in the Persian Gulf and as the strategic pivot between East and West Asia, between Russia and the sea lanes to the West and Japan.

He worshipped scientific progress; his favorite cliché

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was Iran joining the20th century. He was also a fatalist, an adherent of man's oldest faith, believing that his rise and fall were preordained and beyond his control.

Not long before his final departure from Tehran, he boasted that the first stage of the computerization of Iran's government departments was completed. He was IBM's best customer, mesmerized by dual-access channels and numeric key pads—and a sucker for extras. In the 1970s he placed multi-billion-dollar orders for supersophisticated, super-secret military hardware that the Pentagon would not agree to sell to any other foreign power. While some American diplomats became alarmed that we were creating a monster state, the shah was publicly hailed as the exemplar of the Nixon formula for world peace: the United States helps those who help themselves. At the same time, the shah became increasingly outspoken in his condemnation of the wasteful, pampered, permissive, decadent West and its troubled leader, America. He insisted that he was raising oil prices for our own good.

In his own realm, the shah accepted corruption and police violence as facts of life. He dismissed American criticisms as hypocrisy and as a failure to understand the East, if not human nature itself. From the early 1950s on, Iran was crawling with American advisers and consultants, and the shah was initially sympathetic to the reforms they recommended. By the 1970s, he laughed at the naiveté of American suggestions that Iran must urgently develop democratic institutions, a civil service infrastructure, and a sense of social responsibility. But he kept paying for American advice and ordering more studies and projects.

He referred to members of the emerging middle class as "thieves," and they in turn attacked him for his refusal to share responsibility in running the country. The old aristocracy branded him a traitor because of his land expropriations. And Iranians in all walks of life accused him and his family of taking cuts on all government purchases and of amassing vast personal wealth.

Like other absolute rulers, Reza Pahlavi equated dissent with treason and demanded unquestioning loyalty from subjects as well as allies. The persistence of dissent made him see more and more enemies in more and more places, and his inflexibility rendered the dénouement inevitable.

His fatal mistake was to antagonize the Moslem clergy. Like the architect of the Turkish republic, Kemal Ataturk, he saw Islam as hopelessly backward, and saw its laws and customs as impediments to progress. He dismissed the mullahs as "filthy primitives." The battle he lost paralleled the medieval struggle in Europe between state and church, between the king reaching for more power and priests thirsting for martyrdom.

His flight from Iran denied his enemies the ultimate revolutionary spectacle of a public execution which would have outdone Russia and Iraq, Iran's two neighbors and the two 20th-century practitioners of official regicide.

His final tragedy is that the Iran of the ayatollahs may translate to reality his vision of an Iran that the world holds in awe—an empire determined to extend its sphere of influence. But the new Iran pursues a course of seventh-century fundamentalism, an Islamic Stalinism. In this case, it is he, the king, and not the meddling priest, who could have repeated the lines T.S. Eliot ascribed to Archbishop Beckett: "The last temptation is the greatest treason:/ To do the right deed for the wrong reason."

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is the author of *Splendor in Exile: The Ex-Monarchs of Europe* (New Republic Books).

The Republican of the future.

Meet Boot

Two years ago a second-year student at Harvard Business School named John LeBoutillier published a book called *Harvard Hates America* (Gateway Editions). His book said that his friends call him Boot. It also said that the Harvard Liberal Mind and the Harvard Big Business Mentality were bad. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of the *New York Times* said Boot's book was "not really about Harvard at all." It was "a political program by a young, conservative idealist on the make." One year later Boot wrote an article in the Boston *Herald American* called "Republicans Need New Blood." Soon he was on the lecture circuit, asking the tough question, "What is leadership?" Then came *Primary* (Manor Books), a novel about the sabotage of a New Hampshire primary by a Saudi homosexual terrorist prince. "Sure it's fiction," Boot said, "but how far from reality do you think it is?" Last April 15 Boot announced his candidacy for Congress from New York's sixth district, which includes parts of Nassau County and Queens. Within a month, he had the Republican nomination.

By birth and breeding, Boot is a traditional Republican. He comes from a wealthy Long Island family ("pretty well off," as he puts it), which sent him through a Massachusetts boarding school, Harvard College, and Harvard Business School. But politically, Boot is no Tory defending the languid interests of his class. He lashes out at "elitism" and large corporations as enthusiastically as at liberals and big government. Boot styles himself one of the new breed of populist conservatives on the model of New York Republican representative Jack Kemp (who has endorsed Boot). These people see the world in primary colors. They see a newly invigorated Republican party and a newly invigorated capitalism—freed of excessive taxation, bureaucracy, and general slothfulness—leading America into a lean, bold, prosperous future.

Boot is running an aggressive and creative campaign.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To observe the income tax filing deadline, the candidate set up "depression soup lines" in Flushing and Mineola, offering apples for five cents and pencils for two cents. And, of course, free soup. The pencils were for filling out 1040 Tax Forms. The idea was to demonstrate that the tax burden is bringing on a depression. Boot said that the apples and pencils went unsold because "we didn't know who would have to pay sales tax or whether we needed a permit." That Boot.

Although Boot is running for office in New York, he is conducting a national fundraising campaign. Boot knows a lot about fundraising. When he was 20 and still in college he became the youngest Senate campaign finance chairman ever. His man was South Dakotan Leo K. Thorsness, who had been a POW in Hanoi for six years. Thorsness had a slogan which had caught Boot's eye: "The Prisoner of War Who Walked Out of Hanoi on His Feet vs. McGovern, The Politician Who Offered to Crawl Into Hanoi on his Knees." Before the primary, Boot raised more money from his Cambridge dormitory room than Thorsness had raised in all South Dakota. Boot was rewarded with the finance chairmanship. Thorsness did not win the general election, but Boot raised $250,000 and met many important people. Some of them are mentioned in the acknowledgments of *Harvard Hates America*: Barry Goldwater, Reagan communications chief Lyn Nofziger, and Reagan contributors David Packard (Hewlett-Packard) and Henry Salvatori (oil).

With the help of a Nofziger direct mailing, Boot had raised nearly $150,000 for his congressional campaign by the end of June. Three-fourths of the contributions are from out of state. Only a handful of contributions have come from within the sixth congressional district, which is marginally Republican and one of the richest in the country. Packard and Salvatori were among the out-of-staters. So were Justin Dart and Holmes Tuttle, two Los Angeles business executives who, along with Salvatori, persuaded Ronald Reagan to run for president and helped recruit Reagan's advisers. Dart liked *Harvard Hates America*, even though it said that the "Big Business Mentality" was bad. Dart threw Boot a party in Los Angeles and introduced him to more important people. The contribution list swelled to include Barron Hilton (Hilton Hotels), Ray Kroc (McDonald's), Gardner Cowles (Cowles Communications), and others.

Gerald Ford wrote an endorsement for Boot, who had campaigned for the Ford ticket in 1976. Ford wrote, "It is vitally important to elect a Republican President this year. But it is equally important to elect a Republican Congress that will end 25 years of one-party domination in Washington and restore fiscal integrity to our government." Ford called Lester Wolff, Boot's opponent, "one of the most liberal spenders in the Congress." Ford didn't have much to say about Boot. But he did say, "We need to turn this country around, and to do it we need men like John LeBoutillier." Boot says Ford may campaign for him in the fall.

William Simon wrote an endorsement for Boot, too. Simon labeled Wolff as "a notorious liberal" and a "wartime visitor to Hanoi." Wolff said that last charge isn't true. He had been to Hanoi in 1979, but never before. Simon apologized. So did Boot, though he later told *Newsday*, "Well, maybe Hanoi isn't at war with *us* anymore, but that doesn't mean they're not at war."

Why is Boot so popular among important people? For one thing, he is young. The Republican party is getting younger. In 1976 the median age of Republican congressional candidates was 44.5. In 1978 it was 42. Now it's 39. Boot is 27. That brings the median down. The younger the Republican party gets, the wider its support.

Another thing that makes Boot appealing is his idealism. "I firmly believe in the existence of principle, that some principles are unyielding, unbending, and irreplaceable," he writes in *Harvard Hates America*. This leads Boot to a discussion of the Wilmot Proviso and the Homestead Act. Boot says David Wilmot was absolutely right in insisting that land annexed during the Mexican War not enter the Union as slave states. He also says that Galusha Grow was absolutely right in insisting that the west be set aside not for rich landowners but for sturdy settlers. Boot has derived from these early Republicans a vision of the future, which he calls "The New Homestead."

> The whole concept of The New Homestead has been developing and growing within me for the past few months.
>
> I am not certain what I have done.
>
> As I write this, I am 23. The more I think of The New Homestead, the more it grows. It is developing now, today, right this minute.
>
> I am not certain what I have done.
>
> The more I've thought about it, the more levels I see within it. I see a general, psychological level. I see a purely secular, political level. And I see the potential of this thing some day becoming a part of our civil religion.

Part of Boot's New Homestead program is local control of housing. When Lester Wolff voted for the Synar Amendment, giving the Department of Housing and Urban Development greater authority to combat housing discrimination, Boot objected to this snub of "home rule" authority. "Once again," Boot said, "we've seen how Lester Wolff votes against a better life and a better America." Boot says there isn't much housing discrimination in New York's sixth district. (The district, in suburban New York, is two percent black.)

Boot has ideas about defense spending, too. Though strategic spending should be increased, a lot of fat can be cut from the defense budget. "There are three hundred golf courses on army bases, paid for by the Defense Department. This is representative of the kind of waste you can find in the budget," Boot says. Boot's for a balanced budget.

Boot worries about the Harvard Big Business Mentality more than he worries about the Harvard Liberal Mind. "The Liberals shouting for the overthrow of America and, at the same time, smoking dope, were indeed decadent," he writes in *Harvard Hates America*.

> But they were *harmless*. They couldn't win. The future grad-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uates of the Harvard Business School, however, will be immediately handed powerful positions in large and small industry. In a few years they will be running these companies and, thus, influencing the lives of thousands of other people—both employees and customers. Their corporate position will automatically thrust them into important civic positions.

Who are these future leaders of America? They are people who think ethical questions should yield to profit! "It's that kind of selfish attitude, without any morality," Boot scolds one classmate in a scene from his book, "that forces government to step in and regulate." Not that Boot is for more regulation. The answer to America's problems lies not in the law but in "the moral quality of her leaders." The American leader Boot most admires is Gerald Ford. Boot would rather see Ford president than anyone else because "he would not raise expectations to an unreasonable degree. The last guy people thought was a messiah was Adolph Hitler."

Can this disciple of Gerald Ford get elected to Congress? He's up against a formidable opponent. Lester Wolff has held the seat since 1965, and now chairs the House Subcommittee on Asia and Pacific Affairs. Though Wolff's name came up during the Koreagate scandal, no wrongdoing was proved, and Wolff did not have to appear before the House Ethics Committee. Koreagate did not keep Wolff from defeating his 1978 Republican opponent by a margin of nearly 30 percent. "We have a pretty discriminating group of people in our district," Wolff boasts. Democratic towns like Great Neck traditionally have supported Wolff and his party.

But Boot and his ilk think that old coalitions may start to crumble in 1980. In a year when economic concerns predominate, Boot is for the Kemp-Roth tax cut and Kemp is for Boot. (Kemp has called Boot "a unique, even exceptional candidate.") Joe Margiotta, Republican chairman of Nassau County, says Boot is "the first well-financed candidate" his party has ever run against Lester Wolff. In *Primary*, Boot's first novel, a streetwise political consultant hired by the Saudi homosexual terrorist prince puts it this way:

> Give enough time, plenty of money and the right organization and I bet we could beat any incumbent. . . . Maybe not Lincoln or FDR, but any other we could take their clothes off faster than any round-heeled broad from Manchester.

Timothy Noah

One liberal vote for the incumbent.

Why I Support President Carter

by William Attwood

It has been four months since *The New Republic* published Arthur Schlesinger's scathing attack on Jimmy Carter's stewardship of what he called "an administration in ruins" ("The Great Carter Mystery," *TNR*, April 12). Today the primary season is over, the Republicans have a candidate, and, barring unlikely insurrection at the Democratic convention, Schlesinger probably will be joining me and other unabashed liberals—sooner or later—in supporting the man "whose record of ineptitude stands unmatched since Warren G. Harding."

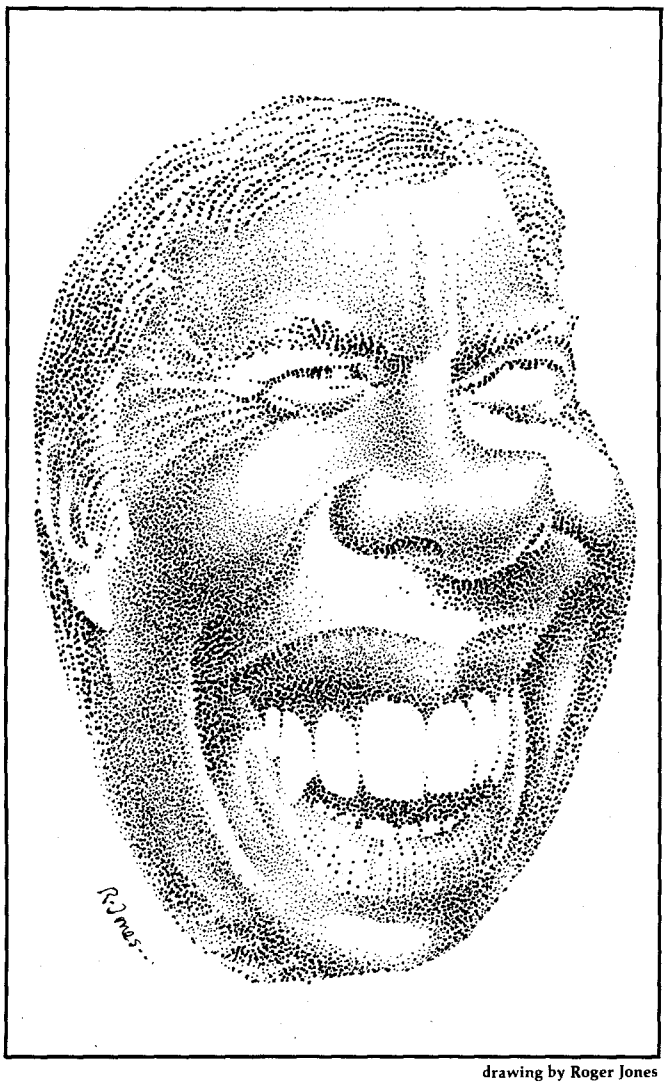
He may of course join Stewart Udall and others in backing John Anderson, but I suspect the Anderson alternative will not prove viable; nor do I see Schlesinger out ringing doorbells for Ed Clark, the Libertarian, or for Barry Commoner. And so it behooves us both, along with other liberals, to reexamine Carter's record more objectively and dispassionately.

Taking foreign policy first, there is no defending the slips of the tongue, errors of interpretation, and clumsy overreaction that have emanated from the White House in the past year, from the phony flap over the Soviet brigade in Cuba, to a hostage rescue mission that was too little, too late, and too impulsive, to the president's gratuitous remarks about Secretary Vance following the latter's justified and graceful resignation. Schlesinger was right to criticize the foul-up over our UN vote on Israeli settlements, the bungled decision to admit the shah to the US, and Carter's overheated response to the Soviet power play in Afghanistan—which a cynic might equate, at least in motivation, with our own intervention in the Dominican Republic in 1965. But to suggest, as he does, that Carter "helped bring about" the hostage and Afghan crises is, well, stretching it.

Domestically, the administration's record is spotty, but

William Attwood, former publisher of *Newsday*, was a speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson and an ambassador during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing by Roger Jones

not as black as painted by Schlesinger in his April article. Inflation, the big issue that no one quite understands, is down from his figure of 18 percent to about 12, and the interest rate from 20 to 11. Unemployment, contrary to popular belief, is no higher at 7.8 percent than it was when Carter took office. Of course it is too high, in light of his campaign promises, but the auto industry and Congress are in part to blame—the former for gambling disastrously on big cars and the latter for balking at public service jobs. For the rest, Schlesinger seemed to fault Carter mostly for favoring voluntary wage-price guidelines, which don't work, over mandatory controls, which don't work either.

As well as being selective in its criticism, Schlesinger's indictment was unbalanced in that it omitted mention of either the redeeming aspects to Carter's blunders (the appointment of Muskie to replace Vance; and that of a skilled professional like Don McHenry to replace Andy Young, perceptive, outspoken, but miscast at the UN) or what Carter tried to accomplish with little help from a lethargic and occasionally even reactionary Congress.

Also, it's only fair to point out that the failures and shortcomings of this administration have for the most part resulted less from flawed judgment than from a preoccupation with election-year politics; Carter's weakness—common to many contemporary politicians who watch the polls the way network executives watch the Nielsens—has been to react to public opinion rather than to educate or influence it. He often seems unduly concerned with appeasing right-wingers, not realizing that it's all but impossible to outflank the Reaganites without coming out for child labor, apartheid, and the Great White Fleet.

This tendency to tailor policies to the polls is behind much of the bungling that Schlesinger excoriated: the Soviet brigade pseudo-crisis, triggered by fears that Senator Frank Church would use it first to shed his dovish image; letting the shah in, a move urged by Henry Kissinger, among others, whose support was needed to get the SALT II treaty ratified; portraying the Afghan action as the first skirmish of World War III—and therefore a reason for rallying around the president; or yielding to public impatience over the hostage crisis by mounting the aborted rescue mission—ill advised but certainly more justifiable than the Bay of Pigs debacle of 1961.

Nor did Schlesinger concede that the bulk of Carter's foreign and domestic policies have been, on the whole, commendable from a strictly liberal perspective. This is the administration that signed SALT II; signed and got the Panama Canal treaties ratified in the Senate; supported the British solution to Zimbabwe against the advice of the Republican establishment, ranging from Kissinger to Senator Jesse Helms; pressed for aid to post-Somoza Nicaragua; recognized, at long last, the Peoples Republic of China; established a continuing dialogue with Cuba through low-level diplomatic missions, carrying forward Jack Kennedy's 1963 initiative for normalizing relations; and brought about an accord between Israel and Egypt at Camp David that offers some hope for peace in the Near East.

As for security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, liberals who routinely condemn his seeming hawkishness overlook his predecessors—Kennedy's Bundy, Johnson's Rostow, Nixon's Kissinger—who were no less pedantic but a lot less aware of the poor and populous nations called the third world.

But the bottom line on Carter's foreign policy is the simple truth, seldom acknowledged by our Cassandras, that the global view from Washington in 1980 remains a great deal brighter than it does from the parapets of the Kremlin—in whatever direction you look

At home, Carter has been the first president to challenge the wasteful pork-barrel water and defense bills so dear to congressmen and has shown more concern for the environment than any president since Theodore Roosevelt: he already has preserved more than 100 million acres of Alaskan wilderness, pushed strip-mining legislation through Congress, and implemented the Clean Air and Water acts.

On the energy front, while the appointment of James Schlesinger was a mistake, imports of foreign oil have been cut 12 percent since last year; decontrol of oil prices, hardly a popular move, was certainly a factor in cutting consumption. A $2.8 billion Conservation and Solar Bank has been created with the aim of using solar power for 20

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

percent of our energy needs by 2000. Urban development funding has more than doubled; the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment Act passed; more funds made available to cities, to the needy, and to mass transit; the Job Corps doubled; and more women, blacks, and Hispanics have been named to senior management positions in the federal government than ever before.

This administration also has sought welfare reform legislation that would provide 400,000 public service jobs, an independent Office of Consumer Affairs, health insurance legislation, and additional urban and youth employment programs—all of which have been blocked by an all too often self-serving and unmanageable Congress.

What else? Carter has moved to free the federal judiciary from political patronage, reorganized the Civil Service to reward merit and promote efficiency, consistently supported the Equal Rights Amendment, and curbed the excesses of the CIA and the FBI.

In short, on most domestic issues, Carter should be getting high marks from liberals who bother to look at the whole record, especially if they compare it with Ronald Reagan's positions, as pieced together from cue cards, one-liners, and the Republican platform. Reagan would turn the oil companies loose to drill anywhere, even in our national parks, so as to get us all back into big cars; he would either tell the Russians to go to hell or cut off all discourse with them; he would add billions of dollars to military expenditures and more overkill capacity to our bulging nuclear arsenal—thereby heating up the cold war abroad and inflation at home; he would shelve SALT II, blockade Cuba, bury ERA, cut taxes, and balance the budget. (How? With mirrors, says John Anderson.)

Reagan's naive and therefore dangerous global view is that there is a Soviet conspiracy behind all of the problems and unrest in the world, when in fact most of what happens is due to circumstances and historical imperatives quite beyond the control of either Moscow or Washington.

Arthur Schlesinger knows this and knows that Reagan, in four years, could set back the cause of progressive government a half century by his Supreme Court appointments alone. Yet, like many liberals, he finds it hard to support the man who has the best chance of keeping Reagan out of the White House.

Why? It is hard to explain the almost masochistic mindset of so many liberals who take delight in every embarrassment inflicted on the president by his friends and family, from the overblown Bert Lance affair to Billy's Libyan antics—which at this writing have not tarnished the White House except by inference. I suspect the current attitude of many liberals is compounded in part by their sense of alienation from the Carter entourage, in part by the pleasure derived from seeing a preacher taking pratfalls, and in part by nostalgia for the confident clarion calls of the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the Great Society, and the New Frontier.

Carter's performance admittedly has not matched our expectations; but has any president's? Consider the New Frontier, on which both Schlesinger and I served. Distill the inspiring rhetoric out of those thousand days and what will they be remembered for? The Peace Corps, the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, the Bay of Pigs, and the subsequent Cuban Missile Crisis. In short and in retrospect, the New Frontier was an insubstantial pageant faded—a pageant we now dimly associate with a graceful style, a quickened pulse, a premonition of great deeds and new beginnings, a sparkle of memories, a lump in the throat.

Of course a second Kennedy administration no doubt would have achieved much more. But maybe, just maybe, Carter's performance will improve in the next four years once he no longer needs to worry about reelection. Maybe he will shed the arrogance of insecurity and listen to a wider circle of advisers; maybe, now that he has been tempered by experience and by failure, he will seek out more people of Ed Muskie's caliber. The very least we can offer the president at this point is the benefit of the doubt.

There are certainly no maybes discernible in a Reagan presidency. If Schlesinger still thinks Carter has chosen "to reject the role of government" as conceived by Democrats since the New Deal, what does he expect of a Reagan administration that, for starters, would abolish the Department of Education, scuttle the Office of Consumer Affairs, and hobble or downgrade the federal regulatory agencies?

That's why it's time, high time, for Schlesinger and Ted Kennedy's partisans to join forces with the Carterites to beat back, once again, the crusaders of illusion and nostalgia. And a reconciliation shouldn't be all that difficult. Schlesinger and I, who worked on speeches together before and during the 1960 Democratic convention, know there was no great mutual affection between Jack Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson. But despite their differences in style, philosophy, and temperament, Stevenson criss-crossed the country that fall, making more than 75 speeches to his own loyal legions on Kennedy's behalf. Richard Nixon was the man they both wanted beaten, and together they succeeded; unlike Eugene McCarthy, who parked his gypsy caravan on the sidelines eight years later and watched Nixon edge out Hubert Humphrey. Stevenson, for all of his reservations about Kennedy, didn't play it coy when the latter became the candidate.

This year, Schlesinger's bitterness about Carter, while pardonable in April, is inexplicable in August. Ted Kennedy's primary campaign wisecrack about Carter being Reagan's clone is as silly and tasteless today as when he said it. The differences between the parties and the candidates are clear enough, for all the grumbling on the left side of center. Indeed, Reagan's nomination may turn out not to be so much a catastrophe as a catalyst for liberals who can see straight. But there's no time to waste.

"Reelect Jimmy Carter?" wrote Schlesinger in April. "Someone must be kidding."

No, Arthur, I kid you not. There's no longer an alternative.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Troubles Noted

Last spring I finished yet another year of classroom horror. Everyone involved in film courses, teachers and students, suffers the same horror, year after year. The 16 mm prints that are rented for showing in such courses are, in general, atrocious.

Imagine a literature course in which pages are missing from books and many lines of type are garbled. Imagine an art history course in which slides of paintings have ludicrous color registration and corners are lopped. These are fair analogies for, I'd say, half the films rented at good prices from companies that specialize in such rentals. The last film I showed, Tavernier's *The Clockmaker*, wasn't even divided properly: Reel Two began at a point halfway back in Reel One. (I can't comment calmly on the color.)

I've complained to the rental companies. The replies are usually courteous and apologetic: they offer me free use of another of their films. Another poor print to compensate for one of which I wanted a good print.

I've complained to some well-known directors whose films are involved. They virtually yawned with uninterest.

Article after article, book after book tells us about the boom in university film education. Some film schools own and care for their own prints. Other places may have no film libraries of their own, or insufficient libraries, and depend on rentals. And the renters are forcing them to teach with horribly inadequate materials.

I spoke about this recently with the head of one of the best rental companies, a man known for his devotion to good films and his conscience about his business. He explained to me the various technical options in the making of 16 mm prints, the degrees of expense involved in each, and the need for the distributor to make accurate guesses about the popularity of a film so that he can judge which process to choose in making prints. "It's so expensive," said my friend, "that a few bad decisions—overspending on prints that then don't rent well—can wreck a small company's budget for a year." He also said that the smaller houses can't even afford to do their own inspection of prints: when a film comes back from a user, it goes to a so-called "fulfillment house" where it's examined by people who are not exactly passionately involved.

Well, as the Vatican official said when Bismarck behaved rudely and brushed aside all objections by identifying himself, "That explains your actions, but it doesn't excuse them." Now I know why so many 16 mm prints are below acceptable standards. That doesn't help. The facts only lock film courses into the singular position of education in an art without adequate representation of the art.

Wouldn't concerted action by film teachers have *some* effect?

Concerted action by filmmakers, about troubles more elemental than the above, was on the front page of *Variety*, July 9. (The situation was treated earlier in *Film Comment*, September-October 1979, and *American Film*, November 1979.) Film people of several countries, headed by Martin Scorsese, have complained to Kodak about the film stock it supplies, which is said to be over 90 percent of US sales. Added to that shock is the shocking condition of the stock and of the processing methods. No Kodak print keeps its original color for more than a year of projection. Negatives can deteriorate in color even when stored carefully.

The Technicolor company used to prepare color prints by what's called the imbibition process; those prints survive well. But, for financial reasons, Technicolor closed all but one of its international imbibition facilities by 1978. (The remaining one is in Peking!) What this means at present is that, because of the quality of Kodak color stock and processing, most new color films are doomed to disappear. The premier cinematographer Nestor Almendros says: "In 10 years, the films I've made I'm sure will have vanished." Many directors have scored Kodak for its irresponsibility. Scorsese says he will make his next film in black and white to circumvent color fading.

Scorsese was to meet with Kodak people on July 14 to present the statement of the film community. All of us have a stake in the outcome.

What's especially bitter about all the above is that, ever since film was invented, it's been blithely assumed that the human race now has a universal and imperishable performing art. The myth of universality has long been exploded: nowadays only hits are anything like universal. Readers who live outside New York, even in major cities, know what their film diets are like, how they have to be supplemented as far as possible by private showings or series at local colleges. (Of those wonderful 16 mm prints.) Now the imperishability is in considerable question.

Peter Brook allegedly said once, "I thank God every night that the theater is ephemeral." The theater may be losing this advantage over film. (Or "advantage.")

A few years ago I went to see *Red Desert* again in a New York theater; watched it for five minutes or so; remembered the

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! Don't be wary because you've heard it's funny. It *is* funny—brimming with gags, most of which are good and some of which are cheerfully outrageous.

Fame. Try to ignore the plot. (It's hard.) Enjoy the show-biz performances. (It's easy.) Supposedly about the High School of Performing Arts in NYC and full of NYC fever.

Rockers. Jamaica. Not the TV tourist-commercial Jamaica. Black people play themselves in an invented story. Lots of music.

Rough Cut. The diamond-robbery story is paste, but Burt Reynolds and David Niven sparkle.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

print I had seen at Venice in 1964, fresh from Antonioni's hand; and left the theater. As far as that print was concerned, Antonioni's *Red Desert* had ceased to exist.

It's additionally ironic that the permanence of film becomes more questionable as the atmosphere of the film world becomes more and more retrospective. More and more of the comment about film these days is about what film was, not what it is or may be. Nostalgia is more an element in film discourse than in any other cultural discussion. And the objects of the nostalgia, many of them, are evanescing.

Mark Crispin Miller's article on Alfred Hitchcock (*TNR*, July 26), in which he opines with enviable confidence that Hitchcock was "the greatest of filmmakers," contains some factual assertions made with equal confidence. Says Miller: "These films contain more excellence than a single eulogy can honor; and until they become the subject of intense criticism, Hitchcock's place in history will be unappreciated." "Until"! "Unappreciated"! After I read that sentence, I glanced at the shelf behind me with its books on Hitchcock by Robin Wood, Donald Spoto, Eric Rohmer & Claude Chabrol; an anthology called *Focus on Hitchcock* edited by Albert J. LaValley; and the book-length interview of Hitchcock by François Truffaut, to whom Miller refers and who may have studied the subject almost as intensively as Miller. I have also seen books by Raymond Durgnat and John Russell Taylor. *The New Film Index*, 1930-1970, edited by MacCann and Perry, has more than two double-columned pages of citations of articles on Hitchcock. Other pages cite numerous articles on specific films of his.

"Hitchcock's low repute among reviewers tells us something about the current state of film criticism . . . " says Miller. Whatever that state may be, he and I read different reviewers. And the praise of Hitchcock that I see in reviews is by no means new. A historical anthology called *American Film Criticism*, which I edited with Bruce Henstell, goes up to 1941 only, yet it includes laudatory reviews of Hitchcock films by Andre Sennwald, Otis Ferguson, Mark Van Doren, and Frank S. Nugent.

I mention all this in case there is an Eskimo or Papuan reader who may infer from Miller's article that the author is bucking majority opinion in order to redress neglect.

Walter Lippmann and the American Century by Ronald Steel

(An Atlantic Monthly Press Book, Little, Brown; $19.95)

Walter Lippmann was one of the most successful people who ever lived. His was the almost perfect career. When Bernard Shaw said, "young man, be sure you know what you want, because by God, you may get it," he could have been thinking of Walter Lippmann. No other journalist in American history has had so much influence on events, had his hand in so many state papers, been on such equal terms with the great. No other wrote books that became such famous keys to each era in turn, was able to impart to newspaper and magazine columns, with such a magisterial air of cultivation, political intelligence of the coolest and most decisive sort.

Lippmann's life within the life of his times makes an astonishing power story in the history of American intellectuals. Ronald Steel's biography is better on politics than on intellectuals, but it is so brilliantly documented that the reader is fascinated by Lippmann's personal role in the turbulent determinations of this century. If ever a young man on the outside of American society contrived to make a career of his career, stepping carefully and distributing compliments and penetrating remarks where they would do the most good, it was this only son of rich, cold German Jews. Yet though the young Lippmann could be as ruthlessly single-minded as a Balzac hero, he triumphed in the end because he cared for his intelligence even more than he cared for his career. At the end he was genuinely baffled when power-sick Washington turned on him for his opposition to the Vietnam War. But he knew what he thought.

He usually did. The brilliant student of philosophy at Harvard, who even as an undergraduate aroused the admiration of William James and was Santayana's assistant, cleverly shunned an academic career. Although he was, of course, a "socialist" in the days when one of his closest college friends was John Reed, it was also typical of his prodigious access to the great that he must have been one of the only Americans in the Fabian Society. That meant meetings with Wells and Shaw, the friendship and counsel of Graham Wallas. Before Lippmann was 22 he had been a cub reporter in Boston, secretary to the socialist mayor of Schenectady, and assistant to Lincoln Steffens when the always dramatic Steffens, raising the lid on the shame of American cities, became the most celebrated reporter of the muckraking era. Young Lippmann was one of the first Americans to recognize the importance of Freud's thought; at 24 he had applied some unexpected Freudian insights to a first book, *A Preface to Politics* (1913), that significantly attracted the attention of Theodore Roosevelt and Justice Holmes.

Lippmann was off and running. In November 1913, the height of the Progressive era, he was invited to join the planning board of an as yet untitled

John Canaday hails "the most important book on Picasso to date . . . As compassionate as it is devastating . . . Sound, thoughtful, critical."—from his review in *The New Republic*

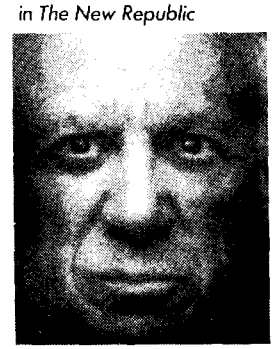


Photo by Robert Doisneau

THE SUCCESS & FAILURE OF PICASSO

by John Berger

120 illustrations. $4.95, paper

Now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weekly of political and literary comment subsidized by the daughter of the traction magnate William C. Whitney, Dorothy Straight, and her husband, the Morgan partner Willard Straight. Herbert Croly, the first editor, said he wrote for the "superior few." It took a year for *The New Republic* to make its first appearance in the midst of a world war that none among the high-minded editors could have foreseen as a refutation of their hopes and plans for a better world.

Yet up to and well after our entry into the war, which Lippmann and *The New Republic* had much to do with, they had the favorable attention of Woodrow Wilson. Although Wilson had his use for them, nothing more, the magazine was generally assumed to be Wilson's mouthpiece. On one famous occasion a piece of supposedly "inside" comment in the magazine caused a drop in the stock market.

Lippmann and *The New Republic* strongly supported the "Atlantic Alliance" that was, of course, our basic reason for going to war at England's side. Thereafter Lippmann understandably felt that he had played a decisive role in getting us into the war and in offering Germany its opportunity to get out of it. Lippmann was not alone in drafting the famous Fourteen Points, but he was a key member of the "Inquiry" board of scholars and publicists organized by Colonel House at Wilson's behest. Since Germany thought it surrendered on the basis of the Fourteen Points, and the Versailles Treaty largely ignored them, Lippmann and *The New Republic* became solidly isolationist and helped to sway American opinion against Wilson and the treaty.

In the course of his increasing revulsion against Lyndon Johnson and the Vietnam War, Lippmann was to observe how very sad it was that every promising period of reform in liberal opposition America had ended in war. The Civil War certainly killed off an extraordinary idealism hardly limited to the abolitionists; Woodrow Wilson said he took us into the war to save the world for democracy, but he could not save his New Freedom; Franklin Roosevelt rejoiced that "Dr. Win-the-War had replaced Dr. New-Deal"; Lyndon Johnson's "Great Society"—and what a fall was that, my friends—was extinguished in the blood lust and lying of Vietnam.

Given his lifelong nationalism and his worship of such strong national executives and intellectuals as Theodore Roosevelt and Charles de Gaulle, how much did Lippmann the ex-socialist and ex-progressive ever regret the end of reform? He was an extraordinarily clear-minded political realist. His recognition of where power lay was usually keener than his sympathy with the powerless. Though the war killed off American progressivism and Lippmann, like all true conservatives, had become absorbed in foreign policy, the most interesting thing about Lippmann's eight years on *The New Republic* is how vital the magazine was to his own career. It was his association with the magazine that brought him to the attention of Wilson and Colonel House; that gave him the friendship of Felix Frankfurter and Judge Learned Hand; that led him to the Inquiry board to redraw the map of Europe; that made him an assistant to Newton Baker, secretary of war. Lippmann even managed to be commissioned a captain in the military intelligence unit that wrote the pamphlets to German troops that in fact did persuade many of them to surrender. By October 1918 he was on Colonel House's staff in Paris, where he wrote the official commentary on the Fourteen Points.

Herbert Croly foolishly thought that it was more money from the Pulitzers that got Lippmann to leave *The New Republic* in 1922 for the editorial staff of the *New York World*. Croly did not understand what the erstwhile *Wunderkind* did—his pre-war liberal mentality was out of date. Lippmann brilliantly sized up every historical situation and was very quick indeed in coming to conclusions. It was of course Lippmann who recruited Edmund Wilson to *The New Republic*. Wilson once told me that he came to distrust Lippmann because of the way the latter managed to drum up compelling reasons for anything he had made up his mind to believe.

Lippmann was in fact more conservative now than the *World*; he would not even protest the judgment on Sacco and Vanzetti. He was too coldly intelligent about political events to be accused of mere opportunism. He was in fact so "objective" that step by step and year by year he became increasingly distrustful of the masses, doubtful—as in his book *Public Opinion* (1922)—that popular opinion had any effect on the political process. He became, what now seems inherent in his whole development, more and more concerned with leadership, with the role of elites and of superior intelligence in our mass society.

Lippmann soon became chief editorial

A man who writes on principle.

In an age when public life is viewed with cynicism and meaningful change seems impossible, Harvard political philosopher Michael Walzer remains an eloquent and persuasive advocate of the moral need for equality, individual freedom, and the radical transformation of capitalist society. Challenging the pieties of both the New Left and the New Right, these essays—originally published in *The New Republic*, *The N.Y. Review of Books*, and *Dissent*—demonstrate the continuing power of political philosophy to illuminate current concerns.

Radical Principles

reflections of an unreconstructed democrat

MICHAEL WALZER

$15.00 at bookstores,
or direct from the publisher

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer for the *World*, where he had influential things to say about the Scopes monkey trial in Tennessee and the judgment against Sacco and Vanzetti. He was a dominant adviser to ambassador to Mexico Dwight Morrow when the American oil companies and the Catholic church were disturbed by opposition to them. In 1931 he began the widely read "Today and Tomorrow" column for the *New York Herald Tribune*, which after 32 years he took to the *Washington Post* and *Newsweek*. His columns, always mildly anxious about the New Deal, against the "court packing scheme," the Czech crisis, became so much more famous than any other commentary in America that during the 1930s the entertainer Gypsy Rose Lee cited him as a household name in one of her monologues while mimicking a striptease; the usual flustered middle-class couples worrying together in the *New Yorker* cartoons automatically referred to Lippmann as part of their daily lives. His influence is beyond enumeration in a review. In 14 successive columns after World War II he countered George Kennan's original plan for containing Russia, in the course of which he invented the phrase "the cold war." He drew up the essence of the Marshall Plan; he was behind Secretary of Defense Forrestal's outline of American globalism; he revised Kennedy's inaugural address.

Lippmann in 1914 (Pirie MacDonald)

Ronald Steel's extensive record of Lippmann's 85 years brings out, year by year, just how intelligent, involved, and, yes, patriotic Lippmann was. From the Progressive era to the Vietnam War, from Lippmann's early hero Theodore Roosevelt to his later nemesis Lyndon Johnson, the biography of Walter Lippmann inevitably becomes a synopsis, with many anecdotes and citations from a vast personal correspondence, of our American century. There are small mistakes in the book that show unsure knowledge of the literary and intellectual background. T.S. Eliot graduated from Harvard a year ahead of Lippmann, not with him. What William James called "the perfection of rottenness" in Santayana refers to *Interpretations of Poetry and Religion*, not to Santayana's doctoral thesis. William James was hardly resting

Coming:

Paul Fussell on travel books.

•

John Canaday on "The Search for Alexander."

Presidential Politics and Women's Rights

The Case Against Direct Election of the President

A Defense of the Electoral College

By JUDITH BEST. "Best defends an American institution presently held in near-universal disrepute. She believes that direct election of the President would lead to multi-partyism, increased electoral fraud, to the encouragement of extremist candidates, and ultimately to a weakened Presidency.... Best has provided a systematic, persuasive study of this complex but vital issue, and her book deserves wide attention."– Library Journal. $14.50

Presidential Power and the Constitution

Essays

By EDWARD S. CORWIN. "Corwin's essays sharpen our understanding of the process of presidential government and its dangers for democratic society."– Library Journal. $15.00

Equality and the Rights of Women

By ELIZABETH H. WOLGAST. Rejecting the framework in which women now argue for their rights, Wolgast proposes a model that recognizes asymmetry in human relationships, and thus lays the groundwork for a more realistic approach to women's rights. "[Readers] will thoroughly enjoy this thoughtful, thought-provoking book." – West Coast Review of Books. "An excellent little book." – Jenny Teichman, Cambridge University. $12.50

Feminism and Suffrage

The Emergence of an Independent Women's Movement in America, 1848-1869

By ELLEN CAROL DuBOIS. "This thoughtful and highly readable analysis is a valuable contribution to both the history of feminism and the history of 19th-century America." – The Kirkus Reviews. "DuBois has given us a work of scholarly insight written in an animated style." – Ms. Magazine. $4.95 paper; $17.50 cloth

At fine bookstores or from

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

P.O. Box 250, Ithaca, New York 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on his laurels as author of *Pragmatism* when he met the undergraduate Lippmann; James, though near death, was trying to get on with a major book that would define his philosophy fully as his lecture books did not. D. H. Lawrence visited New Mexico long before the immigration authorities tried to keep him out of the country again on the basis of *Lady Chatterly's Lover*.

Nevertheless Steel's book is a strong performance. Steel, although considerably to the left of Lippmann, does justice to the man's resilient intelligence, his touching sense of responsibility for the country, his access to all possibly important people—and to the man's hatred of his Jewishness.

Lippmann tried, philosophically and temperamentally, to be a man of the enlightenment. He was honestly without religious belief, and so thought he had honest reason for disowning Judaism. What he mainly disowned was Jewish history and other Jews, unless they were in their own way as compelling as Felix Frankfurter and Bernard Berenson. He constantly excused anti-Semitism, counseled President Lowell of Harvard when that great man was considering a Jewish quota at Harvard. In his column for March 19, 1933, he described Hitler as "the authentic voice of a genuinely civilized people," and excused the persecution and expulsion of notable Jews on the grounds that "Jews have their parvenus." Frankfurter was disgusted.

Lippmann was so near pathological on the subject that his friends playing Scrabble with him were afraid to form the word "Jew." He thought it inadvisable for his "mixed marriage" to produce children. His concern with world events did not extend to the Holocaust; he never published a word on the subject. Rereading his most celebrated book, *A Preface to Morals* (1929), I wondered how much his inability to face the sources of his own life accounts for the extraordinary lack of emotional resonance in his book. Like so many Freudians, he was more ego than id. Reading Lippmann today one seems to hear these chill, disinterested, self-consciously elegant phrases being delivered at some exclusive dinner party. Is it possible that Lippmann will be remembered more for the life he led in American history than for anything he said about it? That he will be remembered as a historical actor rather than as a thinker? He would not have liked that. Nothing fails in the end like a "perfect" success.

Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *New York Jew* (Knopf).

Recent Books by Our Editors

Since it is our policy not to review our contributing editors' books, we would like to take this opportunity to announce two published this month:

Joyce Carol Oates, *Bellefleur* (Dutton; $12.95)

Michael Walzer, *Radical Principles: Reflections of an Unreconstructed Democrat* (Basic; $12.95)

Martyrs and Fanatics: South Africa and Human Destiny by Peter Dreyer

(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

Commendably, this book by an extremely intelligent South African journalist in exile is not meant merely to inform foreign readers about South Africa. The author makes a claim for their involvement with what happens there—and this is not based upon the familiar multinational economic involvement, either: his thesis is nothing less than "On the liberation of the African depends the liberation of the whole world."

This time the quotation is from the Pan Africanist Congress leader, Robert Sobukwe. With the substitution of "black Americans," "women," or even "gays" the same quotation has served and serves in other contexts. To point this out is not to sneer or denigrate, so long as the general idealism is based solely on the need for human beings to recognize and break the cursed chain of prejudice, exploitation, and oppression of all kinds in which they are fettered links, whether they oppress or are oppressed, and whether they live in Johannesburg or in Europe and the Americas. But if the idealism consists of a special claim for a particular group or people to innate moral superiority and spiritual leadership, I—among many—would have second thoughts about the prospects of the world's liberation.

It seems to me Peter Dreyer sees the blacks of South Africa as Moses to humanity, leading mankind by the African ethos of *ubuntu*—"the practice of being humane"—out of the 20th-century community of self-destruction. He quotes an African thinker, Jordan Ngubane:

> The African regards the Universe as one composite whole; an organic entity, progressively driving towards greater harmony and unity whose individual parts exist merely as interdependent aspects of one whole, realizing their fullest life in the corporate life where communal contentment is the absolute measure of values.

This is an intellectual and spiritual concept of the highest order, and one that puts to shame those who have regarded the African ethos as the sum of superstitious fears from which the black man is released by substitution of imported, imposed spiritual and philosophical concepts. But can one speak of "the African" with this total identification of moral absolutes, assuming that every black lives by his traditional values of *ubuntu*, any more than one can speak of "the Christian," "the Jew," assuming these whites live by their traditional values: fully realized, unchanging, as laid down by their prophets and thinkers?

The black philosophy does indeed set up an ideal of "striving towards unity and aggregation; towards greater social responsibility." But this original moral basis has been assaulted by the wrecker's ball of industrialization, the frictions of urban poverty, and the superimposition of Roman Dutch law on tribal law that codified black philosophy. Under necessity and beguilement, dynamic compulsive alternations of materialism, the African ethos has become debased, just as the Judeo-Christian has. Blacks today are as likely to be individualistic (some) and idealistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

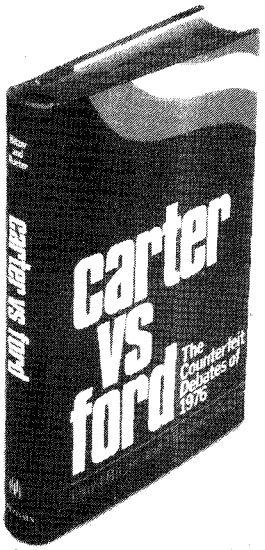
(others) in their ambitions as anyone else. There is a basic contradiction between communal contentment and contemporary imperatives of technological society, and there will continue to be, even when blacks have freed themselves from their imprisonment as wage-slaves in the South African version of that society. *Ubuntu*, like any other ethical system, was conceived in relation to an organization of the means of production and distribution in a particular social order and societal accommodation with nature; those means, that kind of partnership with the soil, are now an anachronism. (Where, in South Africa's hungry "homelands," that partnership continues to exist it does so as a prime example of the white man's cynical greed; the homelands are based, as labor pools, on the cruel contradiction between his modern means of capitalistic production and the feudal social order imposed by him upon the black man.) It is going to be as difficult to adapt the black ethos of humanity to the advanced stage of the world's technology as it is to adapt Christ's brotherhood.

What welds black South Africans together today is not so much *ubuntu* as their struggle against the oppression all suffer together. In this sense, the ethical war against the white man has gone on unceasingly for more than 350 years, while the physical one has been of sporadic if mounting intensity. An extremely valuable section of Dreyer's book is devoted to tracing and analyzing the beginnings of racial prejudice in South Africa, from the days of the first contacts between white men and the Khoi people of the Cape in the 16th century. Even on the academic level of meting out responsibility for racism among the whites who constituted the early settlers, there will be some salutary surprises for those who are comforted to think Afrikaners alone bear guilt for the original sin, and that Afrikaners are overwhelmingly of Dutch ancestry. The Cape settlement began as an outpost of the Dutch East India Company in 1652. But, according to one writer quoted by Dreyer, the nationalities making up the Afrikaner people by 1800 can be estimated at 22 percent Dutch, the majority being of German, French, and other origins. Dreyer is less interested in the growth of the English-speaking settler's racism than that of the Afrikaner, taking up the story of the English settler's attitudes in detail only at the time of the Boer War, and thus the comparatively recent era of British imperialism rather than that of early settlement.

Although Dreyer examines with detached insight and honesty the hypocrisy of British liberalism in South Africa, he is startlingly unable to maintain the same objectivity when he reaches, in his chronicle of "Hopes and Enemies" of the South African blacks, the phenomenon of the South African Communist party founded in 1921 by British radicals and Eastern European Jews. For him, the SACP is nothing but the betrayer of the black man's liberation, "an organization of unscrupulous white power politicians," of "white South African radicals with a patronizing mentality . . . out to colonize the African soul." He allows them no positive role whatever in the "middle path between disaster and quiescence" which the black man, he believes, has had no choice but to pick his way along. In his history of black liberation movements and personalities, he scarcely mentions the formative role of Gandhi's passive resistance philosophy, beyond the South African Indian Congress, let alone the political consciousness-raising role, as distinct from the tactical one, played by the small Communist party. Yet these stimulating influences, while they produced no *satyagrahis* (believers in Gandhian passive resistance) and few Communists, gave blacks the political education necessary to understand their own situation and meet, from the point of view of political strategy, the Western political entities that enslave them.

Whether the SACP (for much of its life predominantly white) irresponsibly urged the blacks away from that "middle path" because of instructions from Moscow reflecting internal struggles within the party is something no reader should decide on the sole evidence of this book; and while reading it he might bear in mind that the Black Consciousness movement which Mr. Dreyer sees as the only hope for South Africa (and he may be right), a movement that claims to have outgrown white influences, liberal and radical, has firmly left the middle path and now almost daily takes the chance of disaster, lifting the unarmed fist of strikers' power and boycotts against police guns.

It is also necessary to point out that white radicals with a "patronizing mentality" stood trial with blacks in the Congress Alliance (African National Congress, South African Indian Congress, Coloured People's Congress, South African Congress of Trade Un-



The '76 debates weren't exactly a smashing success.

If we are to do better in the future, we must analyze the mistakes of the past.

CARTER vs FORD, by Lloyd Bitzer and Theodore Rueter, can lead the way. This book features the best available transcripts of the '76 debates, plus informed analysis and recommendations.

An essential volume for anyone involved in debate planning.

441 pp. $27.50 cloth. $9.95 paperback.

At bookstores. Or write

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS
114 N. Murray St., Madison, Wis. 53715

The first carefully researched biography of the 39th president

Jimmy Carter

In Search of the Great White House

By BETTY GLAD

This volume examines President Carter's persistent reliance on political symbols to defuse issues and shows how his failure to locate himself in the political spectrum has given him a shallow support system and left him prone to grandiose and possibly risky projects.

"The first all-encompassing life of Jimmy Carter, subtle and dispassionate, a brilliant evolutionary explanation of the inevitable and sometimes self-inflicted dilemmas of this 'good man in politics.'"

– FAWN BRODIE

$19.95 at all bookstores

Norton
W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10110

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ions, Congress of Democrats—white) and have gone to prison, as blacks do, in the cause of black liberation. It is consistent with Mr. Dreyer's denigration of radicals that the white political martyr to whom he devotes a long monograph is the embarrassing, sadly confused figure of Breyten Breytenbach, surely no more than a footnote to the analysis of resistance to apartheid. Most anti-racist whites secretly identify to some extent with the frustration and self-disgust that the Afrikaner Breytenbach acted out in an adventure-comic distortion of his poet's imagination in *A Season in Paradise* (Persia Books); but there have been other men and women whose martyrdom was a fate not subconsciously sought in expiation but responsibly risked—evaded as long as possible, consistent with fearless action against the apartheid regime, and accepted, if and when the day came, without recanting. Bram Fischer was one, but since he was a Communist, the phenomenon he represents, as an Afrikaner, his contribution to resistance, is ignored. So far as black martyrs are concerned, although the present campaign to have Nelson Mandela released from life imprisonment has revealed that he is still regarded as a great leader by South African blacks, Dreyer treats him chiefly in a context to illustrate the destructive Africanist/Marxist tensions within the African National Congress in exile. Steve Biko, the Black Consciousness leader whose martyrdom, alas, was dreadful enough to stand for all the sufferings endured in political resistance in South Africa, is the only hero whose sincerity Mr. Dreyer trusts; but Biko didn't spring, fully fledged with a new, mature political philosophy, from his mother's womb. In his writings, not surprisingly, concepts and terminology from sources ranging from Gandhism, Marxist-Leninism, Fanon, Martin Luther King, and American Black Power writers are the means by which he shaped his thought, just as he borrowed and adapted freely and creatively from the policies and experiences of the black South African movements that preceded Black Consciousness—the ANC, the Unity Movement, and the Pan Africanist Congress. This last, incidentally, a break-away organization from the communist influence in the ANC, and therefore a movement whose internal power-struggles Mr. Dreyer does not recount as he does those of the ANC, has had a catastrophic history of leadership dissent and its fair share of hit-men murders in exile.

Finally, on the subject of the left, how can any fair-minded reader leave unchallenged the incredible statement that "The traditional Left has always had a pronounced respect for what it perceives as hardnosed efficiency, even in fascists, and apartheid has, after all, been called "the most perfect system of labour exploitation yet devised"? In a lifetime in South Africa, I have never encountered any such "respect"; Mr. Dreyer knows quite well that if anyone on the left made the observation quoted, it was an indictment of apartheid fascism. Exploitation is the key word.

These things said, it is also necessary for me to assure American readers of this book that they will learn much of aspects of South African life and character they are unlikely to find elsewhere; it is in the book's idiosyncratic nature that—while one faults it—the fascination lies. For example, Sol Plaatje, a founding father of black politics as well as the first black novelist in South Africa, was neither a martyr nor a fanatic, but Dreyer's inclusion of a study of his life and work, justified under the loose definition of a South African "human destiny," will add a dimension to the prototype black activist known to most people abroad only in the terrible moments of crisis, through the crude lineaments of television footage and banner headlines. The little essay on the origin of the name "Azania" by which a consensus of blacks (and the despised radical whites) refers to the new state that will come into being with liberation from white minority rule, is a bonus slipped in under the guise of an appendix, even if it does have to point out rather sheepishly that, taking into account the word's complex etymology, "Azania" just might mean "the land *not* of our brothers." If that's the case, it would be more appropriate to designate South Africa in its present state.

Nadine Gordimer

Nadine Gordimer is author of *Burger's Daughter* (Viking). Her collection of short stories, *A Soldier's Embrace*, is being published this month by Viking.

The Cost of Good Intentions: New York City and the Liberal Experiment by Charles R. Morris

(W.W. Norton; $14.95)

Like any other organism, cities live by profitable trade with the outside world, by getting more than they give. The same applies to countries. Countries keep track of their trading balances as a matter of life and death. Cities—even New York, which is larger than most countries—don't. So no one can say for certain when New York City's trading account turned negative—when it began spending more than it took in. But long before New York's fiscal crisis, which is more or less the subject of Charles Morris's book, became an issue there were plenty of clues for those who cared to see them that something was going very wrong. Factories were closing. Whole industries—the breweries, the commercial bakers, the bookbinders, for instance—were moving out. The number of manufacturing jobs was declining sharply, while the number of public employees, along with those on welfare, was rising. Finished garments which used to be made in countless lofts in Manhattan and Brooklyn now were coming into the city from rural Pennsylvania, from the Caribbean, and from Asia. The slums were proliferating and so were the high rise office towers, filled with suburban commuters. It didn't take a financial wizard to gather from these and similar developments that the city's tax base was eroding along with the resident working population, and that New York probably was heading for trouble.

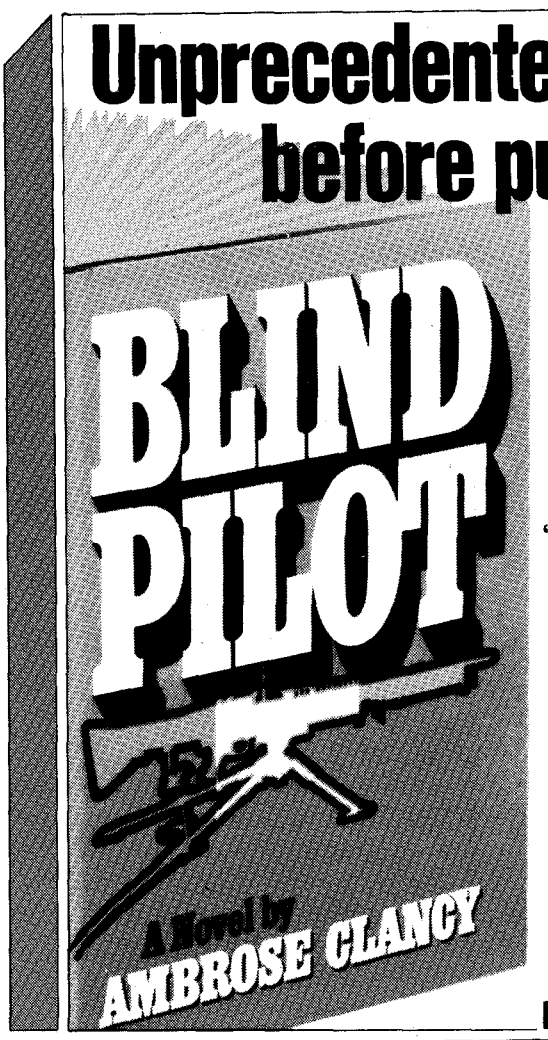
By 1970, Morris writes, manufacturing jobs in the city dropped from 941,000 10 years earlier to 766,000. In the same period the city added 155,000 public service jobs, an "ominous" development according to the author. In this weakened state, with its industrial economy depleted and its public payroll bloated, New York was unable to fend

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off the impact of the national recession of the early 1970s. By 1975 it had lost another 219,000 manufacturing jobs, 83,000 service jobs, and 36,000 jobs in finance, insurance, and real estate. This disintegration of the city's taxpaying population was, Morris says, a "financial disaster." How the city's politicians responded is the real subject of his book. "The fiscal crisis," he writes in his introduction, "is in fact more a symptom and a symbol of the loss of control than a separate event requiring separate explanations." But would the outcome have been much different if the politicians had somehow or other managed to stay in control? Was the collapse of New York's credit mainly the fault of poor political leadership, or was the real problem the loss of all those jobs, a loss that no politician could conceivably have made up? And what does control mean in this context? Morris doesn't say.

Perhaps it's because the author worked in city government during some of the worst of these years that he is concerned more with how the politicians reacted to the disaster than with the disaster itself. Whatever the reason, reading this book is a little like trying to understand what happened at Pompeii without having been told that Vesuvius erupted.

Why did New York lose in 20 years nearly half its manufacturing jobs, jobs which the city had steadily been accumulating for more than a century, and which for generations before World War II sustained the process by which immigrants and their children were assimilated into the taxpaying middle class? Why did the tax base decline so that increasingly the city came to depend upon state and federal support and ultimately repudiated its long-term obligations by means of unsecured short-term borrowing? Why did the city's housing stock erode? Why did its public payroll and its welfare caseload expand, its public schools and transit systems collapse? What happened to New York's rude and vaulting ambition, its boisterous energies? What loosened the city's grip in the postwar years so that when the national economy declined, New York's declined even more? Morris supplies the usual handful of reasons: the black and Puerto Rican migrations, rent control, the militancy of civil service unions, the good intentions and poor management of liberal politicians who vastly overextended the city's commitment to medical care and higher education. But how or whether



Unprecedented acclaim before publication!

"This is the detailed account of a terrorist action in Ireland today....It is impossible not to believe in these people and the terrible power they wield."
—Barbara A. Bannon, *Publishers Weekly*

"A brilliant book, both exciting and sensitive."
—Frederick Exley

"An unusually full-textured and deep driving novel." —*Kirkus Reviews*

"Will hold the reader's interest all the way."
—Nelson Algren, *Chicago Tribune*

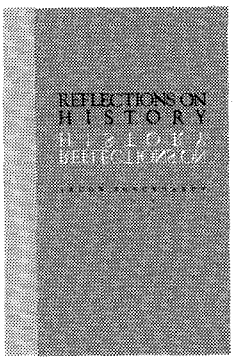
A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate

$10.95

William Morrow

LibertyPress
LibertyClassics

Reflections on History



By Jacob Burckhardt

Jacob Burckhardt, the nineteenth-century Swiss historian and humanist, was a friend of liberty and a skeptic of power. He foresaw the coming of collectivism, and Nietzsche found in Burckhardt an historian who "was not dominated by the general whims and dared to see things realistically." First translated into English in 1943, *Reflections on History* was previously published in the United States under the title *Force and Freedom*. With an introduction by Gottfried Dietze. "No one predicted the modern totalitarian state more accurately"—Reinhold Niebuhr in *The Nation*. "A guided tour through the history of civilization"—*Saturday Review of Literature*. Hardcover $9.00, Softcover $4.00.

We pay postage, but require prepayment, on orders from individuals. Please allow four to six weeks for delivery. To order this book, or for a copy of our catalog, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. 859
Indianapolis, Indiana 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... You might have to go back to the days of Thomas Jefferson to find a case more mindboggling..."

JAMES J. KILPATRICK, WASHINGTON STAR

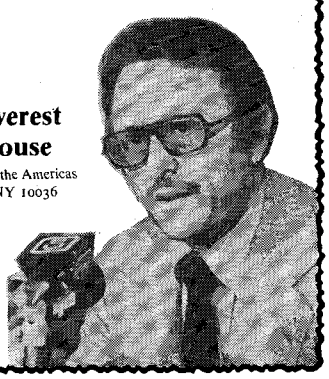
Millions saw the blazing confrontation on *60 Minutes* between Stanley R. Rader and Mike Wallace. From two days of intense interviewing, that program had been slickly edited into 13 minutes of half truths. (The full truth is revealed in the complete transcript, included in this book by Stanley R. Rader, Worldwide Church of God's Treasurer.)

It all began in January 1979, when armed with a hastily secured court order based upon rumor and innuendo, California's Attorney General raided the Pasadena offices of the Church firing employees, ransacking records, declaring himself "boss," and throwing the Church into receivership. This shocking drama comprises the classic church/state conflict. Supported by 83 million churchgoers and the California Civil Liberties Union, the Church is forcing the issue into the U.S. Supreme Court. Its decision will affect the religious rights of all Americans.

AGAINST THE GATES OF HELL

BY STANLEY R. RADER

A unique, explosive book!



Everest House
1133 Ave of the Americas
New York, NY 10036

$12.00

these factors brought on the city's eventual bankruptcy is unclear from this account, nor does Morris show that a different set of politicians during the years in question pursuing different strategies might have produced a significantly different outcome. As for the city's declining output, especially the deterioration of its manufacturing economy, Morris asks the reader to assume that it simply happened, like an unlucky stretch of bad weather. The really interesting part of the story, he believes, was the political ineptitude that accompanied it.

This indifference to the sources—indeed to the reality—of New York's bankruptcy and the author's corresponding fascination by political stagecraft probably accounts for his curiously disproportionate emphasis in this book. For example, his long excursion into the controversy over school decentralization, which resulted in a series of teacher strikes and increased militancy on the part of the teachers' union, tells us much, but nothing new, about Lindsay's doomed efforts to improve both education and political participation in black neighborhoods. But whether these strikes contributed materially to the city's financial problems, or even whether Lindsay's waffling response to them was a "symptom or a symbol" of the eventual fiscal crisis is unclear from Morris's account. The strikes themselves, together with the racial bitterness that accompanied them, arose from the meager circumstances in which the participants on both sides of the controversy lived: the anguished black parents who expected the schools to help their children escape the ghettos, and the underpaid, underesteemed teachers who didn't want to depend for their jobs on local school boards run by these same frustrated parents. The strikes were more a result than a cause of the city's increasingly marginal resources, and so, for that matter, was Lindsay's inept crisis management. Perhaps a more adroit mayor than Lindsay might have sidestepped the schools conflict, but this hardly suggests that such a mayor might also have been adroit enough to restore the city's industrial economy and balance its books.

A far more interesting case, but one which Morris ignores, was Lindsay's initial rejection, subsequent sponsorship, and ultimate abandonment of the controversial Lower Manhattan Expressway, for the political confrontation over this bizarre project was one that bore directly and powerfully on the city's declining economy and the quality of its leadership. Had the prospect of losing an election not dissuaded the mayor at the last moment from finally approving this roadway, there would now be in place of Little Italy and Chinatown, Soho and Tribeca, the South Village and Canal Street, with all their stable families and their bustling cultural, commercial, and industrial activity, a depressed multi-lane highway uselessly linking the Holland Tunnel to the Manhattan Bridge and surrounded, as such expressways tend to be, by acres of inert rubble. Much of Manhattan from Houston Street south to the Brooklyn Bridge would be as dead as the moon, its industry ruined, its families dispersed, its trade with the rest of the world ended, the contributions of its citizens to the city's wealth lost forever.

That Morris passes over the huge controversy that arose over the proposed expressway, while he dwells at length on the school strike, suggests an unacknowledged—probably an unconscious—bias on his part which may help to explain the oddly skewed perspective that flaws this otherwise intelligent and generously intended book.

The teacher's strike arose from a conflict between two relatively marginal groups. Its outcome had no significant effect on the city's finances, on its future, or even on the management of the schools, except to shift a little power away from central headquarters and toward the teachers' union, a matter of small concern outside the school system itself. Insofar as it reflected on the city's leadership, it reflected mainly on Lindsay alone.

But the expressway controversy arose from the determination of some of the most powerful elements in the city—the trade unions, the major banks, most state and city politicians, the state and federal highway bureaucracies, the press, various real estate interests, lawyers, architects, and so on—to erase one of Manhattan's last great commercial and industrial areas, a collection of neighborhoods which for all their disorderly appearance employed thousands of workers, sustained countless small businesses, and whose many family units still seemed to flourish along traditional lines. Had Morris questioned the profligate disregard on the part of the city's leading elements for these presumably unassailable—and increasingly scarce—assets, he might have stumbled upon the clue that links the city's financial decline not to a failure of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN APOLOGY TO PATTY

I'm sorry for telling you why I am sad
the nights we lie wide-eyed
in bedroom darkness. It might be the fact
you can become afraid at what I say
and press next to me, your right hand
flat above my heart, your left arm
tucked under like a wing,
that makes me say it again
as the solid familiar objects of the room
rise from shadow to outline
like animals coming out of the ocean.
If I could still see them
when the light goes off and the air
suddenly blackens,
I might not be overtaken
by this sense that the life I've chosen
is the wrong one
and tell you, as if then
you could take it inside you
and so take me along.

Michael Ryan

political control, but to a persistent and destructive misapprehension on the part of the city's leadership in general of how cities work.

For here was a case in which New York's combined leadership conspired in broad daylight to hack to pieces, as if they were not simply worthless but a menace, thousands of businesses and block after block of stable, tax-paying households. Had a team of Khmers Rouges come to New York with a similar scheme, they would soon enough be thrown out of town or shot. What in fact happened was that when the residents of the affected areas complained that their businesses and families were being threatened they were ridiculed in the press and denounced as obstructionists by the expressway's promoters, while the defenders of these neighborhoods who came from elsewhere in the city were regarded as meddling crackpots. One of the leaders of the opposition was actually thrown in jail.

That Lindsay finally abandoned the expressway for fear of losing an election reflects the stubborn vitality of the threatened neighborhood more than the enlightenment of the city's leadership. Today the same coalition is at work on plans for Westway, an incalculably expensive highway to run the four miles from the Battery to 42nd Street, though such a road is among the very last things that by any rational calculation the impoverished city needs.

Had Morris pursued the controversy on the expressway to its origins, he eventually would have come upon New York City's so-called First Regional Plan, a largely forgotten blueprint completed in 1929 under the auspices of a group of leading citizens to maximize the value of the city's major asset, its land. The idea was to turn Manhattan into a national corporate center—what it is, in fact, today—to disperse its manufacturing economy, particularly its polyglot and ungainly garment industry, to outlying areas, and to cordon off the city from these new industrial sites by a ring of suburbs, parks, and landscaped roads. To accompany this scheme there was to be a network of high-speed expressways to carry office workers to and from their suburban dwellings. According to the plan, which was substantially implemented after World War II, the most profitable land use was high rise office towers in the financial district; the least profitable was for industrial establishments and dwellings for their low-paid workers.

The documents that comprise the First Regional Plan are not widely accessible, but if Morris had followed the lead supplied by the expressway controversy he might have found his way back to the Cornell Library where they currently sit in obscurity, or he might have found them summarized by Robert Fitch in a volume called *The Fiscal Crisis of American Cities*, edited by Alcaly

CAMBRIDGE

Presidential Decision Making
The Economic Policy Board
Roger B. Porter
"An exceptional piece of work, about an important slice of governmental experience, by an individual uniquely qualified to write about it." I. M. Destler, author of *Presidents, Bureaucrats, and Foreign Policy* $18.50

Stalin's Successors
Leadership, Stability and Change in the Soviet Union
Seweryn Bialer
"Americans who worry about the future course of Soviet foreign policy in world affairs, and about an appropriate Western strategy, cannot afford to ignore this scholarly and absorbing volume."—*Stanley Hoffmann, Chairman, Center for European Studies, Harvard University* $19.95

The African Condition
A Political Diagnosis
Ali A. Mazrui
"...Will open minds and shake up the complaisant....Mazrui's candid observations and recommendations will shock, astonish and enrage many Westerners, but they are shrewd, clever and sensible."—*Publishers Weekly*
Hardcover $17.50 Paper $5.95

The Nuclear Question
The United States and Nuclear Weapons, 1946–76
Michael Mandelbaum
"An interesting and intelligent history of the efforts the US has made to grapple with the problem created by the emergence of nuclear weapons." —*The New Republic*
Hardcover $14.95 Paper $5.95

Practical Ethics
Peter Singer
"Singer's book is packed with admirably marshaled and detailed information, social, medical, and economic....The utility of this utilitarian's book...can hardly be exaggerated." —*The New York Review of Books*
Hardcover $27.50 Paper $6.95

Cambridge University Press
32 East 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

& Mermelstein. According to Fitch, the plan not only supplied the blueprint that the developers and the highway builders subsequently followed, but it established the federal, state, and local funding relationships that continue to reshape the city to this day.

Had Morris found this plan, he probably would have come sooner or later upon the fingerprints of certain colleagues at the Chase Manhattan Bank where he now works on problems of international finance. There, if his dealings are with third world countries, his New York experience will serve him well, but not if he continues to believe that the loss of native industry, the reduction of diverse economies to stagnant monocultures, negative trading accounts, and chronic borrowing to pay off last year's debts are not more than the symptoms and symbols of the loss of control by whoever happens to be in charge at the moment.

This is not to say that it doesn't matter whether public officials control their budgets and lessen the expectations of their constituents. It does matter. Mayors Wagner, Lindsay, and Beame lost control of the city's finances because they couldn't believe or understand or admit what was happening. Long after tinued to spend money that the city didn't have. This was unforgivable and hastened a collapse which was probably inevitable in any case. They were not, of course, alone in their failure to face unpleasant truths. Consider the generals in Vietnam or the Detroit auto executives. The press was no help. It was the banks that finally said the game was over, but only, as Morris shows, after the lawyers warned them that if they continued to sell the city's paper they might be liable in the event of default.

At last the Emergency Financial Control Board and the Metropolitan Assistance Corporation took over, stretched out the short-term debt, and set spending limits, as any sensible receivers in bankruptcy might have done. The new mayor is parsimonious to a fault, self-righteous as a Jewish grandmother, and shows no unnecessary sympathy for the poor. Morris couldn't ask for a more anal specimen. The city's brakes are finally in order. Now we shall see if anyone can get the engine started again.

Jason Epstein

Jason Epstein is editorial director of Random House.

How Washington Really Works
by Charles Peters

(Addison-Wesley; $10.95, $5.95 paper)

I would like to start with the story of the guy who got drunk one night in a lifetime of getting drunk and somehow (he never was able to explain how) found himself the next morning handcuffed to a tree next to the New Jersey Turnpike. He was mortified, the cops startled, the papers amused, and his bosses, muttering something about last straws, outraged. They fired him and he was, at least by those of us who worked with him, heard from nevermore. I think he is in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

There is the slightest chance that he was the last man ever fired in America. He is, at the very least, the only person I have ever known who was fired outright. I say this after a lifetime in what is called the private sector, where firings are supposed to happen with some regularity and where they are supposed to contribute mightily to the efficiency of private enterprise—Chrysler notwithstanding.

At any rate, it is precisely this inability to fire, lop off heads, and otherwise dispose of the inefficient, the drunk, and the incessantly tardy that is supposed to be the real reason why government, particularly the federal government, does not work and private enterprise does. This above all, Charles Peters will tell you, is why Washington does not work. No one gets canned anymore.

True enough. But then no one gets canned anymore unless they are the chief executive officers of major corporations, in which case they get fired into the kind of well-paid indolence that marked the last days of King Farouk. The days of a boss going over to some poor wretch and saying, "Schwartz, you're fired, turn in your pencils," is over. They are most decidedly over if Schwartz is (use your imagination) a black or a woman or another "minority" who will look his boss in the eye and file a suit. At the very least, a good firing is like a good execution. It takes so much paperwork and so many appeals that it is simply not worth the trouble.

So there must be something else—some other reason why private enterprise works and the government doesn't. Whatever that is, Charles Peters has not put his finger on it. In this, he is in good company. Jimmy Carter also thought he knew the answer and now Ronald Reagan is telling us pretty much the same thing.

The trouble is that all the above have fallen victim to rhetoric. It is not true that Washington, as Peters says, does not work. It is also not true that private enterprise works. What is true is that private enterprise sometimes works and sometimes does not and the same goes for the government. Chrysler, Lockheed, and Penn Central, to name some of the more famous of capitalism's failures, have not worked. The same, I think, happens to be true now of Congress. It doesn't work, either. It is not true, though, of the Defense Department nor, for that matter, the National Weather Service. I trust it implicitly.

In fact, it is the role of government to pick up the failures of others and somehow make a success out of them. This is true with Amtrak and Conrail and, to an extent, Lockheed and Chrysler. It is also true, for that matter, when it comes to people and families. Rescuing, rehabilitating, supporting, and educating them is what much of the old HEW was about. As for the post office, everyone's favorite whipping boy, I suppose it has its problems, but I have to say that only once in my life has a letter truly gotten lost and never—NEVER!—has the mail failed to arrive at my doorstep. Not bad, even for the government.

Anyway, it's clear that the picture of government, like that of private enterprise, is mixed. Some things work and some things don't. Peters, however, doesn't pick and choose. Instead, his book is a wholesale indictment of this entity called Washington which, according to Peters, largely does not work. He makes his way through it, starting with lobbies and ending with the presidency and hitting along the way the press, the (ugh) bureaucracy, the foreign service, the military, the courts and regulators, and, of course, Congress.

Along the way, Peters has some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

important things to say. It is true that "government finds it hard to dismiss the incompetent," and it is also true, as Peters says, that the press becomes "part of the show," and it is manifestly true that there are oodles of government practices that offend the sensibilities, not to mention the pocketbook. One can cite, for instance, the practice of spending money wildly at the end of the fiscal year so as to not have to explain a surplus.

The remedy suggested by Peters is the Big Pink Slip. Give government back to the politicians, he says. Let them hire and fire and when they in turn get fired by the voters, let the people they hired get fired, too. Otherwise Peters says we have that old bugaboo of true democracy, the unmovable, unelectable, ungrateful, unresponsive, and truly unbelievable Permanent Bureaucracy. So taken is Peters with his own prescription that he states that the post office worked when it was a creature of patronage and succumbed to lethargy and inefficiency only when it got turned into a corporation. This is not my recollection of the facts, but no matter.

What does matter is that the Peters Prescription seems a bit on the simple side. In fact, it sounds mighty like what James Earl Carter was saying about the bureaucracy before he came to town, tinkered with the old Civil Service Commission, and (brace yourself) changed its name to the Office of Personnel Management. It also sounds mighty like what Ronald Reagan and his cohorts are saying. It reeks of the vexation of coming up against a mountain of a bureaucracy that won't (grunt, grunt) move for anyone.

So apparently vexed is Peters that he takes his arguments and extends them until they snap from the stretching. In his section on the military, for instance, he points out that only three American generals were killed in the Vietnam conflict, while 233 German generals—"a third of the total number"—were killed during World War II. What this proves is beyond me since World War II was a far different war for the Germans than Vietnam was for the Americans—and thank God for it, too.

If you find that hard to follow, wait until you get to the section on Congress. There Peters says that the men and women who have run for Congress were not prominent citizens when they first ran, were in fact uninvolved in their own communities, and ran only because they needed a good job. As proof of this he cites the statement (but not the figures) that "very few of them return home when the day of their own defeat comes." Maybe. But maybe that's because the years in Washington have given them a different set of roots or maybe they can make more money in the capital than they can in their old home town.

No matter. Peters lets loose with one assertion after another, some of them pure lulus. Plea bargaining, he says, is the result of the general laziness of lawyers and judges. While there might be something to this view, Peters says nothing about crowded court dockets, the expense of a good defense, and the overworked and sometimes frazzled government prosecutors. According to Peters, plea bargaining, as all other things, can be explained by people shirking work: ". . . most criminal cases are settled without trial by the process of plea bargaining between the prosecution and the defense attorney. The innocent are convicted, the guilty go free—all because lawyers don't want to work."

I'm afraid there is more of that kind of rhetorical overkill in the book. It's a shame—and to me, a surprise. It's a surprise because Peters runs one of America's great little magazines—the *Washington Monthly*. As a rule, the pieces he publishes about Washington and politics are first-rate. Over the years, these articles have been written by as fine a collection of young journalists as you're likely to find anywhere. In fact, if Peters has one overriding talent (besides whatever it is that it takes to keep his magazine going) it is spotting talent. He has a terrific eye.

He also has that most valuable of all qualities—permanent indignation. Along with, say, Morton Mintz in one sphere and I. F. Stone in quite another, Peters has never lost the ability to get mad, to point his finger, and say, "They can't do that!" Peters does that not only through the articles he chooses to run in his magazine, but also in his own monthly column, "Tilting at Windmills." It is usually a fine piece of work.

But his book is a different matter. It reads as if someone sidled up to Peters at a party and said, "Charlie, you ought to do a book." He did and he shouldn't have and that's sad. It's sad because Peters the essayist and Peters the editor are better than Peters the author, but also because the left (or what is to the left of Ronald Reagan) could use a really good autopsy of where and how large government has failed and what can be done about it. We will still have to wait, but while we're waiting, I suggest you read Peters's magazine. It works.

Richard Cohen

Richard Cohen is a columnist for the *Washington Post*.

Kipling, Auden & Co.: Essays and Reviews 1935-64 by Randall Jarrell

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95)

Randall Jarrell (1914-1965) was a poet and an avid reader of poetry who said again and again that poets and readers had little use for the swarm of critics around them. He was also a critic who showed again and again how useful—even more, how inspirational—a critic could be for both poets and readers. This fourth and last collection of Jarrell's reviews and essays spans the three decades during which he was a distinctive critical voice damning and praising and always carefully explaining literature (mostly contemporary and mostly poetry) to the American public.

As a precocious student at Vanderbilt, as literary editor of the *Nation*, as contributor to many journals, as poetry consultant to the Library of Congress, and as professor at the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, Jarrell endeavored to be the "exceptional critic" he described this way in one of the essays in this collection: the rare critic is one who

> has not set up rigid standards to which a true work of art must conform, but . . . has tried instead to let the many true works of art—his experience of them—set up the general expectations to which his criticism of art conforms; . . . has tried never to see a work of art as mere raw

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> material for criticism, data for generalizations; . . . has tried never to forget the difference between creating a work of art and criticizing a work of art.

Jarrell, with his strange blend of "too chattery" intensity (Robert Fitzgerald's description) and "patient, intuitive, unworldly certainty" (Robert Lowell's characterization), sifted through the creations of his age and announced what would last and why.

Despite his strictures, Jarrell did venture some generalizations. One was about poetry: he argued that modernist poetry represented an evolution from romantic poetry, not a violent break with it, as most critics held. Another was about criticism: he felt the only audience poets had was one they could do without, that of critics who treated their work as a commodity to be sold to an unenlightened public, rather than as art to be judged.

But these few generalizations that Jarrell allowed himself always led him back to his beloved specifics, poets and poems. He put his historical understanding of poetry into practice by pointing out the past traditions and conventions that influenced poets and by guessing about the future that might await writers. In his review of Lowell's *Land of Unlikeness* in 1945 Jarrell began by saying he was "a really traditional poet, sometimes able to exploit the resources of language and the world for the organization of a poem exactly as some of the poets of the 17th century were able to" and ended by announcing "he is a promising poet in this specific sense: some of the best poems of the next years ought to be written by him." For once "promising" is not the usual vague concluding wave of a critic who's come to the end of his allotted number of words.

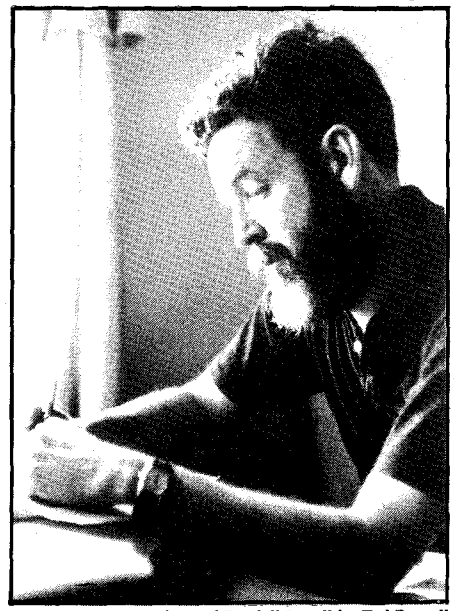


photo of Randall Jarrell by Ted Russell

Jarrell's acute sense that he was judging, not merely selling, often led him to be far crueler than it is fashionable for critics to be. Though he was zesty in his cruelty, he claimed it gave him little pleasure: "Disliking what is bad is only the other face of liking what is good; but what a dark, dank, grudging, graceless face, one endeared neither to gods nor men!" One whom he dispraised with an especially heavy heart was Auden in his later years. On the publication of *The Age of Anxiety* in 1947, Jarrell wrote that Auden, "potentially, one of the best poets on earth," had "turned into a sack of reflexes."

But for all those writers Jarrell left feeling "as if [they] had been run over," which is how Karl Shapiro described the sensation of being unfavorably reviewed, Jarrell left more feeling they had been taken for a wonderful spin—an apt metaphor, for the critic loved cars almost as much as poems. "Eulogy was the glory of Randall's criticism," Robert Lowell wrote. "Eulogy that not only impressed readers with his own enthusiasm but which also, time and again, changed and improved opinions and values." In this collection he treats the unfashionable Kipling to three essays' worth of appreciation and insight. He also praises poets young and old: Adrienne Rich, Howard Nemerov, John Berryman, Marianne Moore, Robert Graves, Robert Frost, and more. Elizabeth Bishop receives this paeon: "Her *Poems* seem to me one of the best books an American poet has ever written. . . . Occasionally you meet someone and feel in astonished joy: 'Well, this is what people ought to be like'; this is what poems ought to be like."

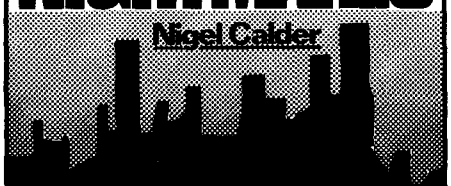
Jarrell was a critic who met poems and books the way he met people; he was transported with astonished joy when his high expectations were fulfilled and crushed when, all too often, they were not. And he wrote his essays and reviews, as John Berryman said, "always like a human being talking to someone—differing in this from nine-tenths of what other working American critics manufacture." Randall Jarrell is what critics ought to be like.

Ann Hulbert

By the author of *Einstein's Universe*

NUCLEAR NIGHTMARES

Nigel Calder



A **"penetrating"** *(Publishers Weekly)* investigation of nuclear weaponry, the military doctrines of East and West, and the frightening probability of nuclear war.

THE VIKING PRESS, DEPT. ATE-SA
625 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

Send me _____ copies of NUCLEAR NIGHTMARES @ $10.95. I enclose $ _____ total. (Please include sales tax where applicable, plus $1.50 per copy for shipping.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Correspondence, *from page 7*

(Politics: "Democratic Wars," *TNR*, July 19) indicates not just a misunderstanding of the facts but also the need for some reality counseling.

Terry Holley
Lithonia, Georgia

Aardvarks

To the editors:

Some of the statements about aardvarks Eugene McCarthy attributed to "students of evolution" ("Aardvark's Fate," *TNR*, July 5 & 12) would have caused these students to fail general biology. McCarthy states that the aardvark is a member of the phylum Chordata (which is correct), which has a notochord (also correct), which is a rodlike flexible structure (correct again) *instead* of a backbone. Wrong! Humans are members of the phylum Chordata! One of its subphyla is Vertebrata—aardvarks are both vertebrates and chordates. As a matter of fact, they are mammals. He also states that "aardvarks, according to students of evolution, did not evolve from anything, nor are they evolving into anything, like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horses or kangaroos." I have never read of a young Earth with an atmosphere loaded with ammonia and methane through which lightning is discharged, yielding amino acids, cell precursors, and aardvarks! The entire class of mammals evolved from something else. As to the evolutionary futures of the aardvarks, it is difficult to predict that divergence will never begin with them. One million years from now, it is possible that aardvarks will have become the ancestral species for entirely new types of animals, if environmental changes provide the right selective pressures for such evolutionary divergence.

Patricia E. Carr
Denver, Colorado

Early Monopolizer

To the editors:

To one who played Monopoly in 1926, the article "Monopoly Monopoly" (*TNR*, July 19) was most enlightening. I was introduced to the game by a Columbia University professor and his wife who told me the game was invented by a member of the economics department to show how the economy worked. Every few months eight of us would meet at someone's home for a hilarious session.

We made our own boards from window shade material which could be rolled or folded. I still have mine. The rules were unwritten. You learned them by playing.

One member of the group and I toyed with the idea of commercializing the game if we could make a deal with the originator. But we were editors, not merchants, and we thought the rules too complex for the game to become popular. We thought, too, that simplification of the rules would turn the game into one for children.

Some effort toward commercialization was made by people at Columbia, but I forget the details. Of the eight who played together only two survive—I and the professor's widow, now *non compos mentis*. So that bit of history is lost.

Philip Hillyer Smith
Sherman, Connecticut

Correction:

The publisher of Charles Molesworth's *The Fierce Embrace: A Study of Contemporary American Poetry* is University of Missouri Press, not University of Mississippi Press as we wrote in our July 26 issue.

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

"APOCALPSE NO!" Defy the Doomsayers. Bumperstickers only $2.00. Don't wait 'till it's too late, Order Now! Baberstickers, 3850 Willamette NR-1, Eugene, OR 97405

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Business Opportunities

EARN $750.00 WEEKLY STUFFING ENVELOPES! Rush stamped envelope, +25¢: GALAXY, Box 6364-NR, Corpus Christi, TX 78411

500 WAYS TO GET RICH IN MAIL ORDER. Free information. Januz D-3070, Box 1000, Lake Forest, IL 60045.

Campaign '80

JOHN ANDERSON T-SHIRTS!

Quality silk screened (blue on white) Specify S-M-L-XL Only $6.95 plus $1.00 postage (50¢ post. ea. additional shirt)

"Darth Reagan" T-shirt also available. Dealer inquiries encouraged!
Send your check or money order to:
E*L*F* Productions
P.O. Box #5343
Portland, Or. 97228

Republicrats: Support *Libertarian Party*, America's second largest. Principled; rational. Literature ($1.00): Box 944 J, Yucaipa, CA 92399.

"KENNEDY IN '84" bumperstickers. $2.00 each, 3/$5.00. R. W. Co., Box 26681-B, OKC, OK 73126

Ron Reagan: Fascist Gun In The West

(Shirt Art)

T-shirts, 100% cotton (m, lg, xl) $7 pp. (rank 2 colors)

Buttons, bumperstickers $1.25 ea. pp.

Lian-Artz, P.O. Box 3776 Mpls., Mn. 55403

Vote for Ronny
He's dyeing to get in
Bumperstickers $2 3 for $5
Center for Contemporary Mirth
1121 Milton Pittsburgh, PA 15218

CARTER POLICY-I came, I saw, Iran" or "DUMP CARTER-Ayatollah you so". $2.00 each or 3/$5.00, P. O. box 828, Vista, CA 92083

"ANYONE BUT REAGAN" bumper strips, $1. Box 3262, Redwood City, California 94064

In your heart you know it's true! "SLIM PICKINS for PRESIDENT in 1980" for bumpersticker send $1: SPCF, P. O. Box 17914, Tampa, FL 33682

"DON'T VOTE — It Only Encourages Them" bumpersticker. Send $2.00, 5/$7.50, 10/$12.00: Kidgloves, P.O. Box 816, Northampton, MA 01061

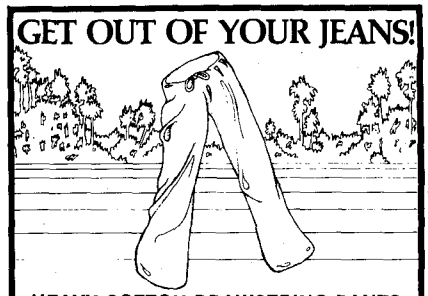
BUMPERSTICKER 12" x 3" — $1.00

X NONE OF THE ABOVE

Garland, 953 Eighth Ave., Suite 208-R
San Diego, CA 92101

Clothing

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!



HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable comfort in *Natural • SkyBlue • Navy • Pecan Plum • Black • White — State hip/waist measurements*
$15 postpaid · Free Catalogue and swatches.
DEVA *, Box NX, Burkittsville, Maryland 21718*

Colleges/Universities

GODDARD'S ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM, founded in 1963, supports women and men in their search for growth, and change. 2-week residencies in Vermont alternate with 6-month home study projects under faculty supervision leading to a fully accredited B.A. Also M.A. program and teacher certification available. All financial aids for eligible persons. Write: Box NR, ADP, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667. Goddard College admits students without regard to sex, race, religion or handicap.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collectibles

Gold!!! Genuine 23 carat gold postage stamps from Staffa, Scotland. 6£ denomination. 13 stamps in all, each depicting the original state seal of first 13 colonies. Perfect condition. With cert. of authenticity. $500 for the set. Reply TNR Box 9630.

Employment Opportunities

ENV. Organization seeks director. Experience in water policy, politics and organizational management. Start October, salary $900 mo. Send resume: Friends of the River, Fort Mason, SF 94123.

Don't accept any job without consulting

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment.

Discover what's waiting for you in the world—and how to get it now!

Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

YES! I want HOTLINE information on international employment opportunities. Send me:

☐ $24.50 (US) one-year subscription

☐ $15.00 (US) six-month subscription

☐ $10.50 (US) three-month subscription

Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

(please print)

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

Financial

MORTGAGES, LOANS. First determine monthly payments, annual interest charges, effects of inflation. Easy with LOANEX. $5, Box 5902, Austin, TX 78763.

Independent Money: Earnings at home. 10 practical, proven, widely varied strategies for the 80's. $4.00. Ask to be on our mailing list. The Higashi Group, Box 22472, Seattle, WA 98122

Sell your own home. Save an average of $3000. You can do it! Instructional booklet $3. J & R, 27 Hillside Williamsville, NY 14221

WHY DRILL OIL WELLS NOW? Copyrighted articles for interested investors. Tax shelter details, profits, types, risks and how to. Remit $5.95 per copy. Walter Jay, Box 575B, Fox Lake, IL 60020.

Food

PROBABLY THE BEST CARROT CAKE YOU'VE EVER TASTED

Made with honey, yogurt and 100% natural ingredients. Loaded with walnuts and raisins. Beautifully gift packaged. Serves 12-14. $6.75 ppd. Shipped promptly via U.P.S. Money back if not delighted.

THE HEALTHY GOURMET

230 Third St., Dept. H, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215

Genealogy

FAMILY TREE SCROLL—Preserve your family history. Exquisitely designed parchment-like document. 18 × 24. Future generations will be thankful. FREE COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTION MANUAL. Send $5.00 to Janice Corporation, P.O. Box 1292, West Caldwell, New Jersey 07006. New Jersey residents add 5%. Two for $9.00 Packed in sturdy mailing tube.

The Great Escapes

CAPE COD VACATION—PROVINCETOWN. Rooms available in beautiful old inn, right on water. Close to everything. On site gourmet restaurant. Write: Rosy, 603 Commercial St., Provincetown, MASS 02657. OR better yet, call: (617) 487-0307.

MEXICO: Exclusive doesn't mean expensive. Charming hotel—pool, near beaches, nightlife in the real Acapulco Brochure: PUNTO PENASCO, 517 Washington, San Francisco, CA 94111. (415) 781-3967.

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $9.97 Your satisfaction is guaranteed. International Travel News, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

TITLES, Professionalize your home movies. Super 8mm set with VACATION, BIRTHDAY, CHRISTMAS $5.00. Emart, Box 3907-NR, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Health

Unbuttered toast, cottage cheese, grapefruit juice for a week. Lose 4 lbs. Spend Saturday nights with Mom's apple pie. Help! You know how to diet so what's the problem? Send $3.95 to "FAT HEAD TRICKS" P.O. Box 2012, Boulder, CO 80306.

Help Wanted

Parttime piece work. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Send name, address, phone number to Webster, 175 5th Ave., Suite 1101-1314 B, New York, NY 10010

Instruction

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

LE MERCENAIRE! Monthly newsletter for professionals. Hard intelligence on terrorism, Communist subversion, mercenary activiites. Sample $1.00, or $9.00 per year. $12.00 overseas. 540 Charles St., Dept R, Aurora, IL 60506

"Not to be missed for Paris-bound tourists or even those who want the flavor of the quartier staying home."
—Los Angeles Times

PARISWALKS

Alison and Sonia Landes
Revised and expanded

Five intimate walking tours of the most historic and enchanting quartiers of the Left and Right Banks, with maps, photos, and up-to-date listings of hotels and restaurants.

Send $5.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling to **New Republic Books**, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Bargain books. 83% savings! All subjects. Free catalog. M & W, 2117 Kittredge, Berkeley, CA 94704

HISTORY OF DANISH-AMERICAN FOLK SCHOOLS. $5 postpaid. Enok Mortensen, 586 4th Place, Solvang, CA 93463

WHO ARE THEY? What everybody should know about the Soviets. Booklet, $1.75, M.R. WEST, Publisher, Box 8146, Kitchener, ON, Canada.

"THE DIRTY GAME" Poems on politics. Send $2.00, P. O. Box 8734, Durham, NC 27707

Literary Services

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

LET US PUT WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH: advertising copy, letters, editing, technical writing. Small accounts welcome. Ivy Communications, P. O. Box 4921, Fairview Park, OH 44126

FREE BOOK SEARCH. Books Reborn, 69 Judith Rd., Little Silver, N.J. 07739

Music

100 Best Rock Records of the 70's. Send business S.A.S.E. for free list to: ROCKINGCHAIR, P.O. Box 27H, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .

Early Music Stands makes the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. For your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture*, please send $1 (refunded on first order).

Early Music Stands

Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Personal

Literary woman seeks intelligent and funny friends in Hartford, CT. TNR 9640.

Exceptional Male, Age 39, Philadelphian. Can wow you in many ways, Human Services Oriented, Interested in everything else. Desires meeting independent and kind woman.

Lonely? Meet New and Exciting Playmates, Join our Swinging Club. Send large S.A.S.E. for detailed application. ACVID, Box 62-J, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pretty girl, 30, unpretentious, informal, jazz, classical music buff, nature lover seeks male friend. TNR Box 9635.

Weary male professional, 46, almost divorced, seeking kindred spirit for pleasant relationship. I value intelligence, honesty, warmth and a modicum of attractiveness. Central Jersey-Philadelphia area. TNR box 9625

DISTRESSED about husband's drinking? Helpful, authoritative guide, $3.95. Power Publishing Co., Box 2272-R, Fort Myers, FL 33902

CHRISTIANS ARE PREFERRED gets single, widowed, divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Box 31622, Phoenix, Arizona 85046

FINE ARTS NETWORK helps cultured singles find each other. Nationwide music, literature, art lovers. Information? Stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 4714RM, Cleveland, Ohio 44126

Single women, men! Meet stimulating new friends today. Local & national contacts. Call Personal Friends, (312) 262-9800.

CATHOLIC PEN FRIENDS. Free details. Sparks, Box 872-N, Troy, NY 12181.

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970 (or call (215) 566-2132).

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE-free. 800-451-3245

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

Intelligent, Black Male, 29; Seeking "friendship", Those willing to travel. A.E. Groce, 138-402, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699

Property Sale/Rent

For lease in Letchworth, ENGLAND: 3 bedroom, fully furnished house, 40 miles from London. Rent £150 monthly, plus utilities. Married couple. Box 103, Lawrence, KS 66044

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

Recipes

20 good southern recipes. Favorites for four generations. $1.00, send self addressed, stamped envelope. Recipes, P.O. Box 777, Albany, GA 31702.

Make Japanese Sake at home. Essential for creating and accompanying Japanese cuisine. Simple ingredients and supplies. Total cost about 90¢ a fifth. $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. TNR Box 9645.

Palate, titillating, original turn of the century PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING, Recipe-$1.00, S.A.S.E. to Jana, P.O. Box 14563, Savannah, GA 31406.

Unusual family recipes. S.A.S.E., $2.00: P.O. Box 3841, Tequesta, FL 33458.

Authentic French-Onion soup. Superb-so easy. $2.00, S.A.S.E.: 18 Otis Place, Scituate, MA 02066.

Delicious, colonial recipes, $1.00. P. O. Box 941, West Caldwell, NJ 07006

BETSY'S BRAN MUFFINS. Original, easy, tasty, natural, $1.00/S.A.S.E.: Box 252, Rocklin, Ca 95677

Best Beef Jerky you will ever eat. Your oven. $2.00, Bill, 9016 S.E. 61st, Mercer Island, WA 98040

Recipes for world's best oyster stew (fresh-shucked oysters in their own liquor required) and prize-winning Virginia peanut soup from former assistant manager of the US Senate Restaurant in the Nation's Capitol. Send $2.50 check & S.A.S.E. to Kitchen Stew-art, 4 Bay Harbor Road, Tequesta, Florida 33458.

RICHEST CHOCOLATE desserts ever! Eight scrumptious recipes, $1.50: Box 77, Otter Rock, OR 97369.

Religion

The Society of Evangelical Agnostics Logo and information SEA. Box 612NR, Fresno, CA 93709.

T-Shirts

"The Original
"Cruisin' for Peace"
T-Shirt
You've heard about it on coast-to-coast radio! White, Yellow, Red, Beige, Powder Blue, Navy, Black. 2007 Park Avenue, Richmond, VA 23220.

Vacation/Travel

See *Peru* and *Chile* with just as much help as *you* want from a former Peace Corp. Peru volunteer and some unique Peruvians and Chilians. Oct. 27 to November 10, 1980. $1225 per person. Write Al Galves, 1920 Coleen Ave., Las Cruces, New Mexico, 88001 or call (505) 523-5913 after 5 p.m.

Etc.

Forehead thermometer, unbreakable, accurate, safe. Only $3. Davis, Box 4058A Arlington, VA 22204

Learn how top players cash in on greyhound racing's $2 billion yearly handle. Rush only $9.95 for Greyhound Interview book to Precision Publishing Company, Box 172, Fort Myers, Florida 33902.

Voodoo is our only hope. The electoral process is failing. Voodoo dolls of Major Candidates. Specify "Ronnie" or "Jimmy". Send $6.95 to: BULLSEYE, Box 6619, Grand Rapids, MICH 49506

THE METRIC SYSTEM. What you need to get by. Simple, clear, handy. $1. DAISE, Box 5144, Austin, TX 78763.

Am formulating crusade for Socialism in U.S. Need funds- Send $1.00 to P.J. Buchanan, P.O. Box 58. Merricil, N.Y. 11566

Stay up on the Draft with Draft counselor's newsletter Sample $1.00. $15.00 yr. 1251-R Second Ave., San Francisco 94122.

100 COPING TIPS FOR PROFESSIONAL WOMEN. Send $1 and S.A.S.E. to: M&M, Box 10063, Chicago, ILL 60610.

WINEMAKERS FREE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Winemaking, Beermaking supplies. Equipment. Ingredients. Vynox Industries, P.O. Box NR 7498, Rochester, NY 14615.

UNIQUE FRENCH TRIVIA! 8 pages. $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. French Facts, Box 291, Columbus GA 31906.

"GAMES FOR LEARNING MATH" illustrates 153 activities for home and school, sequenced, grades K-6, to help child master concepts and develop skills in numeration through sets, symbols, addition, etc. $8.50. M-T Education Aids, 3809 Dorcas, Nashville, TN 37215.

Would you like to try good Old Fashioned Hand Cream? Formulated by Master Pharmacist 50 years experience. Leaves hands soft, supple, and not sticky! 1 pound $6, ½ pound $4. Piel Pharmacy, Medical Arts Bldg., Omaha, NE 68102.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO Luquillo Beach House 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460. Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect* Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036. (202) 331-7494.

My ad reads:

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Minutes

At last week's clandestine gathering of the Washington media conspiracy to decide how we should proceed with the Billygate scandal, I proposed that we drop the whole thing on the grounds that it's much too complicated for summer reading, the cash involved wouldn't even buy a decent condo, and Colonel Qaddafi already has suffered enough for his embarrassing association with Billy Carter. He was looking very glum when I ran into him recently having breakfast with Idi Amin at the Best Western motel outside Tripoli. We of the press seldom consider the human element when we turn our merciless gaze upon international terrorists and other celebrities, I opined. I was prepared to go on for several hours in this vein, with the thought of perhaps developing it into a grant proposal, but I was brusquely cut off and put in my place by Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times*. He pointed out that there is nothing else to write about these days, and that ever since Watergate the press has borne an obligation to demonstrate its impartiality and sense of fair play by hounding a Democratic president out of office as soon as the opportunity presented itself. The material isn't promising, he conceded, but that is just the kind of challenge that separates journalists from mere writers. So it was agreed that we will continue to flog this dead horse at least until Labor Day, when we meet to select clichés for the fall campaign. Then we rose to sing the First Amendment, and adjourned.

One of the well-known rights guaranteed to journalists by that very First Amendment, as interpreted by the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, is the right to snuff out a few peasants, if necessary, in the course of legitimate news gathering activity. To apply secular notions like murder and manslaughter to the sanctified activities of reporters would have an obvious chilling effect on the press's sacred function. But the price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and rights that aren't constantly defended may be lost. So I was disappointed at the cowardice of Dan Rather in denying an obviously true story by the reputable Tass news agency that he helped to kill three villagers in Afghanistan last March. Rather's artfully worded non-denial denial left loopholes large enough to drive a Russian tank through. His official statement said:

> The story is completely untrue and totally without foundation. It is fantasy from first letter to last, sheer unadulterated nonsense.

As Rather himself or Mike Wallace surely would point out if a subject on "60 Minutes" were to issue such a pronouncement, this leaves many important questions unanswered. Is the story utter poppycock? Is it entirely baseless in every particular? Does it contain not a scintilla of truth? Do you mean to tell me that the story is a complete fabrication? Do you expect our viewers to believe that the Russians would go to the trouble of making up this entire episode out of whole cloth just to embarrass you, Mr. Rather? And so on. By cravenly ducking the Soviet accusations that he imprisoned three Afghans while on assignment for CBS News, then ordered his local henchmen to stone them and cut off their heads, Rather has muffed a chance to show the world how totalitarian regimes refuse to tolerate freedom of the press. I'm sure he was just trying to protect a source. And what could be more important to our way of life than that?

A disappointing July/August issue of my second favorite magazine, the *National Notary*. Several pages are devoted to a photo essay on the Notary Association convention, held this year in Miami Beach. Highlights include a color portrait of the secretary of state of Nebraska ("Punctuating his address with anecdotes, he discussed the qualities of leadership a Notary should have"), and a group photo taken outside the Dade County recorder's office. "Spotlight: Sweden" discusses the role of the "notarius publicus" in that country. The cover story on "Notaries in Business: Small Change . . . or Big Bucks?" reports that notaries in Florida and Maine are authorized to perform marriages, and what's more, there are "no restrictions on how much they can charge. . . ." But the entire issue contains only two photographs of editor Milton G. Valera, which is way below average, and this disappointment is only partially mitigated by the sudden appearance of a Mark A. Valera and a Michael K. Valera on the magazine's masthead (though Mark A. does appear twice). In his column, Milton Valera discusses the irony that even a notary public has a need for privacy. "My desire for privacy is probably no different from most people. My thoughts, needs, and preferences, I feel, are mine alone. My car, house, swimming pool are mine alone as well."

A wonderful quotation in the *Times*, from an article about political fund-raising parties in the Hamptons, where affluent and/or fashionable New Yorkers summer, about why people in the Hamptons should support John Lindsay for the Democratic nomination to run against Senator Jacob Javits. "Not because it's chic," insists a film producer named Cammann, but because—like Mount Everest—he's there.

> 'These people either own houses here or live here the year round—so does John,' Mr. Cammann said. 'That's obviously appealing to people who are terrified by the prospect of terrible increases in property taxes and the notion that inheritance taxes take all the dough from your heirs. The only way to solve that is having somebody in Washington who lives here.'

It's really charming that there are rich people who would trust Lindsay to protect their class interests just because of his bloodlines and the way he dresses and where he lives. At first blush, given Lindsay's disastrously shortsighted and spendthrift record as mayor of New York, this trust seems oddly misplaced. On the other hand, John Lindsay probably has done more to discredit 1960s-style liberal generosity through his eight-year parody of it than the most brilliant reactionary ideologue. Perhaps he has been a mole all along.

It's very hot. Last week in the Washington area, two joggers died during a 10-mile race and a three-year-old child died when left in a car parked in the sun. The *Washington Post*, always searching for the larger view, ran these two stories under a tasteful joint headline: "Fatal Days of Summer." These developments have produced stern warnings from authoritative types about the stupidity of leaving children in locked cars during the summer heat, but only mild and equivocal reflections about jogging. The toughest jogging critique came from an official of the American College of Sports Medicine, who said, "It seems that if people are wandering into the woods and dying, something is amiss." The only official action so far by the DC Roadrunners Club, the joggers' front group, has been to change the designation of another 10-mile official jog two days later from a "race" to a "fun run." It is not considered appropriate, apparently, to collapse and die during a fun run.

M.E.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars to bring you gasoline from oil shale before the end of the 80's.

American oil shale reserves contain more oil than all the crude oil reserves of the Middle East. The greatest concentration of this shale is located in western states such as Colorado. On just one 5,000-acre tract where Amoco and its partner are working, there's enough shale to produce up to 5 billion barrels of oil—making it one of the richest oil reserves in the United States.

Right now we have $100 million and nearly six years invested in our pilot oil shale plant. We're willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars more to make this plant a commercial reality.

New American oil below world prices

The technology exists to separate refinable oil from shale. And in spite of the tremendous cost, we believe that we can eventually deliver this oil at prices below what we will be paying for foreign oil.

But there's a problem beyond technology that must be addressed before we can move ahead much further. And this problem is created by what we believe is the government's unrealistic level of regulatory paper work.

The initial approvals we received to develop the site we're working are good only for experimental production. Before we can begin commercial output of 76,000 barrels per day, we have to go through the whole process all over again.

Over 120 permits just to get started

The first time around we had to obtain more than 120 permits and approvals before we could begin our work. Compiling the environmental data alone cost over $5 million and took more than 2 years.

When regulation gets to the point where it obscures the original purpose—in this case, developing new American energy—then it's time to put things back in perspective. America can't afford to drag its feet any longer. Foreign oil is becoming more expensive by the month and continues to threaten the security of our country.

The sooner we can get on with the job of producing new American energy, the sooner we can help end this dependency. That is why we plan to spend even more money in the 1980's to make gasoline from oil shale. We want to make it available on a large scale in this decade.

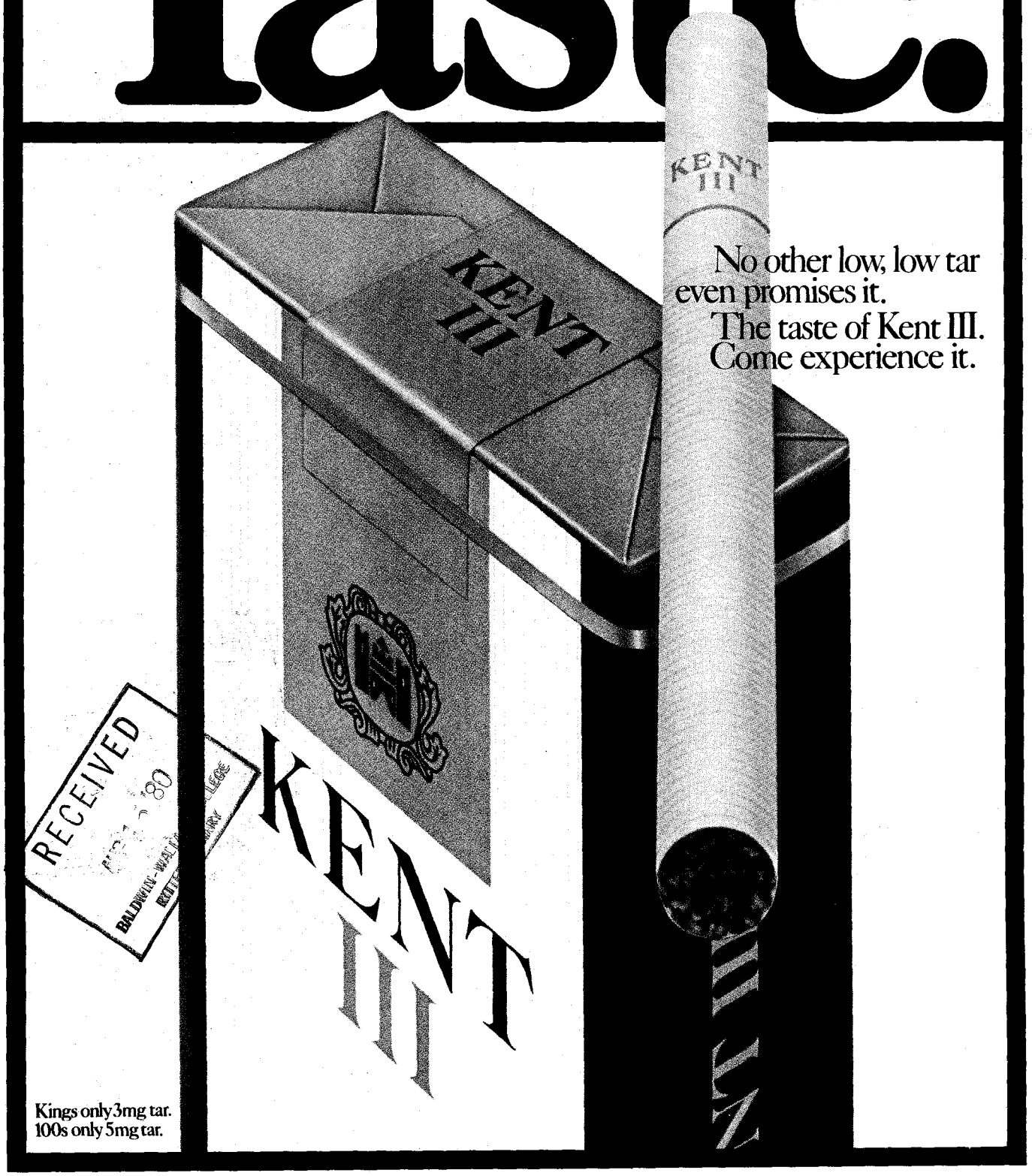
America runs better on American oil.

AMOCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

Taste.



No other low, low tar even promises it.
The taste of Kent III.
Come experience it.

Kings only 3mg tar.
100s only 5mg tar.

Kings: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.
100's: 5 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED